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The Week

EVERY reader of this paragraph saw during July featured stories in the papers or whole sections of the newsreels about factories reopening, business conditions improving. How many saw anywhere the following facts, released by the Department of Labor of New York State—the largest industrial state in the Union? Employment and wage figures for the nation ordinarily correspond with those for New York.

> Albany, August 12—New York State factory employment and total factory pay rolls dropped sharply during the June to July period, according to a statement issued today by Industrial Commissioner Frances Perkins. The net loss in employment was 5.3 percent, and the pay-roll loss, 7.1 percent, the largest June to July declines on record. Normally, July brings a seasonal drop in employment of one percent, and a loss in total pay rolls of 1.8 percent. Returns from 1,546 representative New York State factories form the basis for this analysis.
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> The July declines brought the indexes of factory employment and pay rolls, both computed with the averages for 1925-1927 as 100, to record lows. The employment index stands at 52.7 (preliminary) for July, against 55.6 in June and 71.9 a year ago, and the pay-roll index is at 39.6 (preliminary), as compared with 42.6 in June and 65.5 a year ago. Including February of this year, when employment receded but slightly from January, July marks the tenth successive monthly decline in New York State factory employment and pay rolls. Except for a few seasonal upswings, the present decline affected almost all industries. New York City continued to show large losses, employment dropping 5.4 percent and pay rolls decreasing 6.6 percent.
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> A comparison of average weekly earnings for New York State factory employees and cost of living figures as published by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics shows that earnings have fallen much faster than living costs during the period December, 1931 through June, 1932. During that period, the cost of living in New York State has decreased 4.7 percent, while per-capita weekly earnings of factory employees have been reduced by 10.3 percent. It must be noted that decreases in average weekly earnings are caused both by wage cuts and by curtailment in working hours.

This important release, which continues with much detail, was not, so far as we have been able to discover by a brief search, published by The New York Times. In The Herald Tribune an abbreviated version was buried under fashion notes on page 16. The World-Telegram printed a nine-line paragraph based on it in an inconspicuous place, mentioning only the drop of employment and pay rolls from June to July.

THE first round in the combat between the National Socialists of Germany and the von Papen government has ended in a draw. Under strong pressure from his lieutenants Hitler has definitely refused the offer by von Schleicher and von Papen of the vice-chancellorship, three members in the Cabinet and control of Prussia, holding out for the chancellorship and a majority in the Cabinet. Somewhat reluctantly he relinquished the opportunity of official power, for the likelihood that his party will be able to force its program on the present regime is slight indeed. Contrary to general expectation, it will not control a majority in the Reichstag. A military *Putsch*, on the other hand, is out of the question under existing circumstances. Hitler could have made a successful attempt to capture the Reich machinery with his

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Sturm Abteilungen while Brüning was in power, for at that time the Nationalists and a large majority of the Reichswehr leaders would have come to his assistance. But conditions have changed. The Reichswehr and forty thousand Schupo police in Prussia are under the control of Kurt von Schleicher and his Prussian Commissar, Dr. Bracht, and the Reichswehr Minister has chosen for reasons of political expediency to cast his lot, for the moment, with the present Junker government. A conference of National Socialist leaders called in Munich by Hitler may, however, decide to resume negotiations. As on previous occasions, these negotiations will be conducted with Schleicher, the real power in the present government, after which the conclusions reached will be laid before the Chancellor for official action.

THERE seems to be a strong possibility of an understanding between the National Socialists and the Centrist Party in regard to Prussia. This would mean that a Prussian coalition government consisting of National Socialists, Centrists and Hugenberg Nationalists would be formed, with a Fascist Premier and a Fascist majority in the Cabinet. If an understanding of this sort can be reached in Prussia, there is nothing in the way of its being effected for the Reich, and we may find the former Centrist government, minus its Democratic and People's Conservative support, plus the National Socialist and Hugenberg contingency, back in power once more. Since the present government can in no other way procure a majority in the Reichstag, the dissolution of that body would be the only alternative. In that case the present government could continue to rule for a few months with emergency decrees, but it would find hard sledding against the combined opposition of practically all important parties and groups. The Social Democrats could not support, and the Communists would certainly refuse to support a government that chose the celebration of the Weimar Constitution anniversary to announce its intention of altering the fundamental law of the country to fit political conditions of a century ago by restoring the Herrenhaus, raising the voting age and decreasing and disorganizing the country's social services. The alternative of calling a National Constitutional Assembly, which has been suggested as a way out of the present inner-political deadlock, is hardly practical, for it too would produce such an overwhelming majority against the present regime that nothing would be gained thereby. The only solution seems to lie, for Hitler as well as for the Junker government, in reaching a mutual understanding.

NOBODY expects a government to tell the truth first, last and always. Nobody should be surprised by a reasonable amount of official misrepresentation. But when a Cabinet member distorts the facts for the greater glory of the administration, he ought to do a good job of it—and a good job is precisely what Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley failed to do in his recent statement defending the Bloody Thursday eviction of the bonus marchers. "After the arrival of the troops," he said, "no person was seriously injured." Anybody who reads the newspapers or cares to consult hospital records can judge the accuracy of this statement. But the Secretary continued: "That the billets of the marchers were fired by the troops is a falsehood." In this case, any child who goes to the movies can watch the pictures of soldiers setting fire to billets and say, "Mamma, the man isn't telling the truth." The Secretary made other remarks about the evacuation, and many of them were very inaccurate indeed. When he asserted that "one-third of those present were not veterans; had not served in any capacity during the World War," even men like General Hines and General Glassford were aroused by the misstatement and produced figures showing that 90 to 95 percent of the bonus marchers had served in the American army. But Secretary Hurley has changed nothing, retracted nothing, and the whole administration seems to be supporting him. That's their official story and they're going to stick to it.

LAST week a writers' committee visited Washington to protest against the use of the regular army to attack unarmed people. Their request for an interview with the President was denied on the ground that Mr. Hoover was too busy. Busy—there's not a doubt that he was busy. That day he received a delegation of boy scouts, and a delegation of school children, and Harry Bowlby of the Lord's Day Alliance, and an assorted lot of political hacks. The task of receiving Sherwood Anderson and Waldo Frank, on a mission important to the country at large, he left to one of his private secretaries, in this case Theodore Joslin. Mr. Joslin, a former Washington correspondent and not a very good one, had a burst of inspiration. "I would like to talk to you," he told the committee, "as an individual rather than in an official capacity. I want to give you my personal view as a fellow craftsman." Whereupon this gentleman had the sublime cheek to lecture Anderson and Frank and their companions on their duty as writers. Their duty, so it seemed, was to spread the truth, and the truth about Bloody Thursday was nothing more nor less than Pat Hurley's official misstatement. Mr. Joslin bowed. As the writers departed, the serious business of government was resumed. A burst of childish voices drifted over from the White House lawn: "Happy birthday, dear President, happy birthday to you." Mr. Hoover was receiving a group of school children bearing a birthday cake, present of the United States Lines. But that isn't all the story. After the interview, some friendly newspaper correspondents took the writers' committee to, of all places, a speakeasy, one of the hundreds that soften the

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rigors of official life in Washington. From the speakeasy they rushed to catch a train. Arriving in New York, they read in the late afternoon papers that they had been followed by Washington detectives and that they had gone direct to the Washington headquarters of the Communist party! The writers themselves believe that this news item was given out from the White House. We prefer to believe that a little bird flew over the White House lawn and whispered it to the newspaper men. But we think that Mr. Joslin should find the little bird and make it listen to his oration on the high duty of writers—and birds and Cabinet members and presidential secretaries—to spread abroad the truth.

THE conflict between Bolivia and Paraguay over the Chaco territory will make an interesting chapter in the history of international conciliation. A contest for economic advantage is at the heart of the matter. Bolivia seeks an economical outlet to foreign markets by obtaining direct access to the Paraguay River, while Paraguay wants to retain control of the area adjacent to the river which it has been developing with the aid of foreign capital. Occasional border incidents and reprisals have been inevitable owing to the existence of two strings of forts across the region, and the dispute itself has been kept alive for many years by the repeated failure of the two governments to agree to terms of arbitration. This chronic situation again came to a head on June 15 when one of the Paraguayan forts was captured by Bolivians. Since then both sides have partially mobilized, bombing planes have been in action and several forts have changed hands. Although both profess pacific intentions, each is now reluctant to agree to a truce which would mean giving in to the other. The chapter will remain unfinished until both disputants have ratified a final boundary settlement. An important step in that direction was recently taken when nineteen American governments, reiterating the Stimson Doctrine, announced that no territorial acquisition achieved by force would be recognized.

The Hoover Fairy Tale

MR. HOOVER'S acceptance speech carries a burden of genuine emotion which has been lacking in other documents of the campaign. One gets the sense that the author has lived and suffered, that he is speaking out of his heart. He is deeply convinced of something, and for that reason what he says commands a kind of respect that would not be accorded to a mere exercise in logic, to a superficial appeal for votes. The speech is perhaps better material for the psychologist or the novelist than for the political scientist.

And as one reads the acceptance with imaginative sympathy, the faith that Mr. Hoover has, and the effect which it has exerted on his policy, become clear. He is living in the American fairy tale which nurtured his youth and which offers the whole justification for his life. Once upon a time, so the story runs, there was founded on the American continent, by a chosen people, a nation set apart from all others by its ideal. In pursuit of this ideal it has grown great, not only materially but morally. That ideal is sturdy self-reliance. The individual man builds his character by looking out for his own interest and that of his family. He is assured of the chance to do this by equality of opportunity. If he fails, it is largely his own fault. Having succeeded, he can afford to be generous to the less successful. We have a kindly attitude toward one another, but we must never allow charity to undermine self-respect. It is the work of these millions of self-reliant individuals through the years that has made the nation what it is. Men must, of course, combine in governmental activities to do a minimum of the things which individuals cannot do for themselves. Governments must also discipline the unruly and prevent the unchecked greed of some from ruining the opportunity of others. But governments must never do anything for individuals—no matter how unfortunate—which these individuals ought to do for themselves. Local governments must, in turn, meet their own responsibilities without leaning on the central government. And government must not lessen the economic opportunity of individuals-on-the-make by competing with them in business.

Once upon a time, also, in the golden age of Coolidge, this nation approached the height of its ambition. Nearly everyone was rich and happy. The doctrine of individualism had almost done its work. And then something strange happened. The dragon of depression thrust its ugly head into the idyl. Mr. Hoover plainly resents it bitterly; he must find ways of explaining this dragon which challenges his faith, ways of slaying it. When the special guardian of prosperity, representing the party of prosperity, and elected to office on the plea that he was going to maintain and perfect prosperity, met this horrendous creature, it was really a personal insult to Mr. Hoover and his dream. And, to Mr. Hoover, it is the dream which is real, not the dragon. For a long time he just shut his eyes, so that he would not see the depression. Even yet he does not believe it to be genuine.

He must, of course, explain it in terms of his faith. We became overconfident, lost our sobriety, started to make money by speculating instead of by individual effort. That was wicked, and the depression at its beginning was the punishment for our lapse from morality. Even so, our fault was minor and the punishment would not have been severe if the evil and outcast foreign world had not prevented us from resuming our accustomed way. But the War was still unliquidated, and foreign governments had departed from righteousness by attempting to do too much for their citizens, thus burdening their budgets at the expense

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of private industry. The world depression, for which we shared no responsibility, overwhelmed us in 1931.

Ever since then Mr. Hoover has acted vigorously to remove the effects of this alien shock. The story from this point on is well known—measures to restore confidence in the gold standard, to restore confidence in governmental finance, to restore reservoirs of credit for industry and agriculture, to get the old machine running again. As a guiding principle in all this work, Mr. Hoover has retained his original faith. The government can help individual enterprise to resume its appointed destiny of making money; it can protect Americans with tariffs and the like against foreigners with inferior ideals; but it cannot and must not do anything to change the system, to make people dependent on the community, to start government in any work from which it cannot withdraw the moment the emergency is over. The Coolidge idyl is to be restored unharmed—with certain safeguards against the folly and greed which, at the height of prosperity, marred but did not permanently injure it.

Because it is necessary for him to believe in order to hold to the myth of his childhood, Mr. Hoover seriously thinks that nobody has starved or will starve, that nobody has died of cold or exposure or will do so next winter. People who suffer out of his sight he can ignore. If any citizens put the facts too intrudingly before him—like the Bonus Army—he resents their action so bitterly that he will not hesitate to order out the soldiers against them, or to call them criminals and revolutionaries. He will fight ruthlessly against being awakened from his dream.

And so it is useless to try to convince him, or those who share his idyl, that the facts puncture his mental images at every point, that reality is not his reality. We do not have equality of opportunity. We not only do not have it in respect of making money, but even in respect of holding jobs, safeguarding life itself. People in every occupation are moved by forces too great for any individual to control, and if they fail their failure is, as often as not, their misfortune. Industry is no longer owned or managed chiefly by individuals. Everyone was not prosperous before the depression; three of our greatest industries, for instance, were in severe straits—agriculture, coal mining, textile manufacturing. There was a large and growing number of unemployed. Even the prosperous, stimulated to an endless accumulation of goods by advertising and easy credit, were not really happy. The roots of the depression lie in "prosperity" itself—in things like maldistribution of income, failure to manage for the social good the investment of new capital, or the use of credit. Nor was the financial collapse abroad something for which we do not share full responsibility. Our tariff policy, our war-debt policy, our foreign-investment policy, our domestic lack of economic balance, all contributed hugely to what occurred in Austria, Germany, England and the rest of the world.

But why continue with the recital of facts known to everyone who really looks at what we are and what we do, anyone who is not lulled to sleep by the Hoover bed-time story? Mr. Hoover and his adherents may go on dreaming for some time yet. Too many of them have lived the dream. Have they not seized opportunity, become rich and secure? Is it not to their interest that the government stay out of business? Does it not comfort them to think that all the misery in the world arises from the incompetence and wickedness of others? Why does not the whole people become as they are? For them to acknowledge that they are mistaken would undermine the dignity, the meaning of their entire lives. The whole power of Herbert Hoover's personality, rising from the unplumbed depths of his being, rises to resist the challenge to his faith which he discerns on the horizon. That is what gives his speech its vibrancy. Conservatism is putting on its armor. It will resist change to the death.

The Threat in the Stimson Doctrine

THE IMPORT of Mr. Stimson's speech at the Council on Foreign Relations is more far reaching than has been recognized in this country. It is more than an amiable declaration of belief in peace pacts and international consultation to prevent wars. Stripped of generalities, placed in its diplomatic setting and given the connotations with which it will be read by foreign governments, it unequivocally commits the United States in the Far East. The so-called Stimson Doctrine of non-recognition of acts of aggression is no abstract formula. The events of the last year in Manchuria give it volcanic potentialities. And Mr. Stimson reiterates it, points it and pledges the United States behind it. Beyond any further pretense the United States is now an active participant in the welter of Far Eastern power politics, while clinging simultaneously to the fictive sanctity of isolation from Europe.

On January 7 of this year Mr. Stimson culminated a series of challenging notes to Japan by a formal declaration that the American government would not recognize any situation in the Far East brought about in violation of the Kellogg Pact. To make the reference unmistakable, the first sentence of the note gave as the reason for its dispatch that "the last remaining administrative authority of the government of the Chinese Republic in South Manchuria as it existed prior to September 18, 1931, has been destroyed." With bland indifference to this, as to previous communications by the American government and the

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League of Nations, the Japanese proceeded to set up a dummy independent state in Manchuria, the so-called Manchukuo, with the former Boy Emperor of China as window-dressing for the Japanese military men who actually rule. The breach was apparently irreparable, but there was precedent for bridging it by evasion.

This possibility exists no longer. If Japan had any disposition to assume that the United States, having had the moral satisfaction of declaring high principles, would be satisfied therewith and forgot the substance—and in the Far East it is assumed by others than Japanese that the United States indulges in magniloquence in lieu of action—Mr. Stimson has now given notification that the American government means what it said. He repeats that the United States will not recognize any situation in the Far East brought about in violation of the Kellogg Pact and, lest there be any possibility of escape by interpretation, he refers to the change in Manchuria as "fruits of aggression." In addition he seeks to commit the members of the League of Nations by recording in the same context the Assembly's resolution of March 11—although that resolution is equivocal; it does not outlaw the Manchurian conquest but only declares it "incumbent" on the members of the League to do so. Each member of the League is free to make its own interpretation and decision.

Now, the Stimson Doctrine, if it is anything at all, cannot be left hanging in space. It must be implemented or dropped. And here the issue is ominously clear and inescapable. We do not recognize that Japan has taken Manchuria. But Japan has taken it. Whether the egregious pretense of Manchukuo is maintained or, as is more likely, Japan annexes the territory as it did Korea, Japan is in possession. And recognition or nonrecognition cannot forever remain an abstraction. Sooner or later the test of definition in action will come: consular representation, commercial law, tariffs, judicial administration. Then the Stimson Doctrine is applied or abandoned. Then the United States yields or Japan yields. It must be one or the other now: Japan must evacuate all of South Manchuria except the railway zone which it had until 1931 or the United States must accept the fact that Manchuria is Japanese.

There is only one alternative to the surrender of either party, and that is war. Somebody must forcibly eject Japan from Manchuria if Japan does not elect to go and the Stimson Doctrine is to be vindicated. No European nation is likely to fight Japan for the sake of the Kellogg-Briand Pact—least of all Russia, which has a larger stake in Manchuria than all the others combined. Who is to do the ejecting? China? Not under present conditions. China unified and reinvigorated under the only cohesive movement now visible in that country—the Communist? Possibly. But are Mr. Stimson and Mr. Hoover relying on this possibility? And where would their sympathies lie if it became imminent? There remains only the United States.

It may be questioned how far the American government represents the American people in its Far Eastern policy, and whether the masses of Americans employed or unemployed are sufficiently concerned in the status of Manchuria to be willing to stake their lives and fortunes on changing the flag which flies over it. In that connection it might be asked how many of them know where Manchuria is.

Can nothing be done to prevent war in the Far East, with all the forces that always eventuate in war now making before our eyes? As it happens, Japan has for months made tentative suggestions of an international conference to discuss Far Eastern questions. It has ulterior motives, of course; it hopes to buy off opposition to its Manchurian conquest by concessions to the Powers in Shanghai and other Chinese ports at the expense of Chinese aspirations for full sovereignty. China, too, has proposed the calling of a conference. Such a conference need not necessarily be limited to the purposes of the Japanese military clique. The Far East is in flux, dangerous flux, as it has not been since the end of the World War, just before the Washington Conference. That meeting was a fiasco, because every fundamental condition in the Far East, every potential war cause, was deliberately evaded. Every Power interested in the Far East wanted to retain the fruits of its own imperialistic aggressions. The result was Chinese nationalism and the precipitation of a succession of crises of which the Manchurian conflict is the latest and most serious.

We know now the danger of evasion by the posture of the ostrich, and the futility of pretending that we can deal with China of 1932 as we did with China of 1898. We have ample evidence that so long as it remains unsettled whether China is independent or not, free from encroachment or subject to the exactions of the strong, we shall have international rivalries for the perquisites of aggression. In other words, we shall have the causes of war. And until we go to the root causes of war in the Far East, we shall have war, no matter what the mechanisms for the handling of international disputes. No conference can, of course, uproot the causes of war unless the Powers attending come prepared to make the sacrifices which peace demand. But it might poll each nation as to how far it was willing to go to preserve peace. It might clarify the issues and the position of each nation on the issues. And it might enlighten the people of each nation as to what they would in time be called upon to die for. If our now vocal statesmen really mean their words about arraying the opinion of the world against war, then it must be the opinion not only of Cabinet Ministers, but of the masses who pay the price, an opinion enlightened as to what makes the disputes which threaten war. Sooner or later we must face the consequences in the Far East, and the sooner the better.

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Graham Wallas

THE DEATH of Graham Wallas on August 10 marks not only the passing of a singularly brilliant and fertile mind but also the end of an entire generation in political thinking. His most incisive work falls in the period (1908-1920) that saw the appearance of his three great books—"Human Nature in Politics," "The Great Society" and "Our Social Heritage." He summed up in them the best of Anglo-American social thought; and in the inadequacy of that "best" to meet the problems or express the temper emerging today lies the tragic failure of his whole generation.

His intellectual career began with the Fabian enthusiasm of the late eighties, and he was one of the contributors to the original volume of Fabian essays. The curious reader will find in Pease's history of the Fabian Society a delightful drawing of Shaw, Wallas and the two Webbs seated in an English meadow, planning in all probability some important Fabian manifesto. Shaw looks half-jocose, half-admonitory; *das Ehepaar Webb* have with them their unfailing notebooks and their enraptured statistical air; while Wallas has the fine, serious and withal tentative gaze of the classical schoolmaster not yet turned thirty who is becoming engrossed in the social problem. But his mind, thoroughly empirical, refused to be contained within anyone's intellectual system. Even the diluted Marx-Henry George-Mill concoction of the Fabians proved unpalatable. His thought matured slowly and it was not until he was fifty that he found at last the field for his best thinking—the relation of the proper ordering of the state to the nature of the human mind.

Wallas' name is chiefly connected with the rise of the rather treacherous "science" of social psychology. With him this was no grandiose affair, but an honest attempt to establish political thinking on the firm basis of the actual facts of the human mind. He revolted against rationalism and intellectualism in the study of the political animal. To him more than to anyone else, we owe our present knowledge that political behavior is irrational, that politics is the business of manipulating and exploiting the basic yet complex drives of men, and that all political progress must reckon with those drives. After the arid Victorian decades he brought a fresh realism back into English political thought, as Bagehot and Burke and Hobbes had done before him for their own generations. But while their writing spans the period when the democratic structure was being built up to its full strength, Wallas wrote at a time when it was cracking. Although he saw clearly the discrepancy between men's original dispositions and the demands made upon them by the complex life of the Great Society, he failed of an adequate analysis of the causes of the democratic collapse, and even more of an adequate program.

The ground of his failure must be sought not so much in the limitation of his own vision as in the intellectual resources upon which the Anglo-American thought of his day characteristically drew. His generation witnessed the idiocy of the international and industrial muddle and the mounting desperation of the capitalist state. It saw the world going to smash—and all that the political thinkers of the period could finally contrive was a series of new quirks and refinements in the practice of representative government. The waters were rising, and like a legion of good boys they stuck their intellectual thumbs into the dikes and talked of realism and objectivity.

Wallas, indeed, like some others of his generation such as the pluralists and guild socialists, tried to go farther, seeking undiscovered cadres on which society could build, new collectivities in place of the unwieldy and collapsing state. But the search somehow lacked the driving power of conviction, and Wallas' real political attitude was Periclean rather than pluralist. His analysis suffered, of course, from the rickety character of the instinct psychology of his day. But beyond that it suffered from his inability or unwillingness to face the intimate relation between the collapse of the state and the character of the dominant capitalist enterprise.

All his theories and exhortations for improving and directing the social process were operative only within the framework of capitalist society. Just at the point where he might have called for a refashioning of institutions, he spoke instead of the importance of the social heritage and the need for new ways of thought. Optimistic to the last, as his whole generation was essentially, he hoped that if we could only organize our intellectual and social inventive processes we could attain a mastery over our social process. Such a view has a daring and attractiveness of its own, but it looks to the centuries ahead and meanwhile the world is changing under our fingertips. Unless it is joined to a planned and intelligent program for changing institutions, it is apt to end only as a form of quietism.

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The Man Who Runs Germany

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC of the present German regime that, in the face of the inability of the Reich and its financial institutions to meet foreign obligations, or to solve the problem of wholesale pauperization and unemployment, its official leaders have at present no greater care than the restoration of their country's military power. The man who admittedly dominates the von Papen government, Lieutenant General Kurt von Schleicher, for years the power behind the Hindenburg throne, has recently forsaken his customary seclusion in the Defense Ministry to give public expression to what he considers the Republic's greatest need: arms equality and the reorganization of the military machine, replacing the volunteer Reichswehr with a conscripted army.

Schleicher's radio speeches and interviews are not mere militarist propaganda such as one is accustomed to expect from the head of a nation's military forces. When the German Defense Minister rattles his sabre in the face of the world, he is only adding emphasis to the demands made by his chief, Chancellor von Papen, at the Lausanne Reparations Conference, when he acceded to the payment of an additional three billion marks in the hope of bribing the Powers to grant arms equality in return. Ever since the Kaiser fled to Holland in 1918, German militarism has been "playing dead," abundantly nurtured, meanwhile, by the mistakes of the young democracy. The unwillingness of those in power to stamp out the last remnants of counter-revolution while the masses were still eager to strike out along new paths, and the terror-stricken ruling class was ready to swallow the bitter medicine without resistance, kept the monster alive. Driven into hiding, it was left to recuperate its forces underground.

It was in this significant period that Kurt von Schleicher, then first assistant to General Quartermaster Gröner, came to the fore. He made his appearance in the history of the Republic exactly a month after the outbreak of the revolution. At that time the German government lay in the hands of six People's Commissars appointed by the Social Democratic party which stood for a democratic republic, and the Independent Social Democratic party which fought for a workers' state. This divergence of aims led to conflicts in the government that were reflected in the masses. Discouraged by the growing revolutionary sentiment, Hindenburg, Gröner and Schleicher met in Kassel to consider the advisability of dissolving the Freicorps, volunteer divisions recruited from among returning front-line soldiers, abandoning the General Staff and leaving the government to the workers. But von Schleicher protested. In his opinion the fight was just beginning. Retreat would mean the downfall of Germany. The volunteer troops would yet save the nation and must be developed for the time when they would once more become a trusty weapon in the hands of those who stood for the power of the state. The working class must be shown its place, by force of arms if necessary. The young officer was entrusted with the task of building up and centralizing the Freicorps movement, until these voluntary divisions were made the official army of the Republic, with Schleicher at the head of the Reichswehr Ministry.

The famous Baltic imbroglio gave the first Republican government a welcome opportunity to collect the scattered remnants of the German army. A starving nation paid millions for the restoration of its armed forces in response to the cry, "Germans protect your borders!" Footloose adventurers, unemployed officers of the old monarchist army and supernationalist students were placed in command. Democracy was restoring its own hangmen.

Thus the young Republic was armed against further uprisings. But it failed to realize that bureaucracy and militarism in the Germany of Hohenzollern tradition were mutually interdependent, that one was inconceivable without the other. The legatees of the old system retained the apparatus of the state in their hands. Officers, high government officials and judges maintained their old influence. From the beginning the field was left to the vanquished enemy. No effort had been made to educate the returning troops, pouring back from every front. At no time was there a serious attempt to make the public understand the fundamental differences between the old and the new regime. It was left to reactionary intrigue. The first returning troops had come back with red cockades on their caps, full of excited plans for the future of the nation. A month later the soldiers were returning under national flags, to the tune of patriotic music. They had learned nothing. They had forgotten nothing.

When Kapp made his abortive attack on Berlin in 1920, President Ebert found himself suddenly deserted by the very generals on whom he had placed his reliance. Powerless to enforce obedience, he fled from the capital. But for the prompt action of the German trade unions, which successfully met the monarchist challenge with a general strike, the Kapp invasion would have ended the days of the Republic. Fully in sympathy with the pro-monarchist sentiments of his generals, von Schleicher marked time until the workers had won their victory. In the years that followed he held

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the same protecting hand over the Feme murderers, assassins who killed hundreds of supporters of the Republic, from Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg to Walter Rathenau and Matthias Erzberger. He condoned the anti-republican activity of the Schwarze Reichswehr. He was twice summoned before the Feme-Ausschuss of the Reichstag and on each occasion presented testimony that was later disproved. All this in no way hindered his rapid rise to power and influence.

Schleicher undoubtedly belongs, with Gröner and Gessler, to that group of generals which is renowned for its political acumen and statesmanship, rather than for military achievements. Without ever appearing before the public eye, he has played a dominating role in the political life of the German Republic. It was to his influence over Hindenburg that General Gröner owed his appointment to the Cabinet. It was Schleicher, again, who persuaded the President to insist on the resignation of the Reichswehr Minister when Gröner dissolved the Fascist Sturm Abteilungen, thereby precipitating the downfall of the Brüning regime. His fine hand was clearly discernible in the selection of the von Papen Ministry; it is generally recognized that the organization of the new Cabinet is being perfected under his guidance. In the news he completely eclipses Hindenburg, the nominal head of the Republic.

The Field Marshal's role in the Republic and before has always been strangely overestimated. The close student of German affairs has long since discovered that the "grand old man" is far from being the sturdy and righteous figure he appears to the world. He sees him, on the contrary, as a tool in the hands of his political contemporaries. More than a decade ago Professor Delbrück, the conservative historian, referred to him as a "venerable nonentity," repeating a story told by Colonel Max Bauer, Ludendorff's right-hand man at Staff Headquarters during the War, who said: "In the end we did not even tell him [Hindenburg] where the various army corps were stationed." Every important act in his career bears the stamp of some stronger personality. He engineered the dismissal of Bethmann-Hollweg on the advice and with the assistance of Ludendorff when the War Chancellor seemed inclined to peace negotiations. He was persuaded by Tirpitz to accept the nomination of the Bürger-Block as President of the Republic.

How is it possible, one asks, that the military machine can play so important a role in the German nation in spite of its abject defeat during the World War? The answer is not hard to find. Ludendorff, Hindenburg, Gröner, Gessler and Schleicher typify a system, the system of drill and discipline, of unquestioning obedience and blind docility. It drew the defeated German soldiers back into the Freicorps and into the Schwarze Reichswehr. It is driving the younger generation into the National Socialist Sturm Abteilungen today. The older generation was raised in the shadow of the barracks, the younger in the atmosphere of the World War. For both authority became a fetish, a cult.

More than ever these old traditions pervade political life. The generals who led their people to defeat and destruction are reappearing on the scene, destroying the last remnants of a tattered democracy and despoiling the masses of what is left of their hard-won achievements.

LUDWIG LORE.

Joseph de Maistre

WHEN LITERARY people, hard pressed by the times, first begin to feel the need for becoming reactionary, they are likely to go in for Joseph de Maistre.

De Maistre was one of the few really distinguished writers who spoke for the Catholic reaction after the French Revolution; and he has always been able to afford conservative-minded intellectuals the satisfaction of feeling that all the brains and literary ability at that time were not on the revolutionary side. I have had de Maistre thrown at my head so often as an antidote to modern radicalism that I recently decided to look into him. And my report is that the "prophet of reaction" is by no means so formidable as he has been represented.

There was of course after the French Revolution a role for a critic like de Maistre. By the time the Revolution had run its course, it was not difficult to perceive the extravagance of the eighteenth-century doctrines which had led up to it. Rousseau had said that people were naturally good and that it was only institutions which had corrupted them. Well, Robespierre had been Rousseau's disciple, and by the time the Republic had foundered in the blood of its quarreling leaders and given way to the Emporer Napoleon, it did not look as if people were so naturally good or so amenable to the reforms of the Goddess of Reason as the Rousseaus and Condorcets had asserted.

De Maistre wrote in his "Essai sur le Principe Générateur des Constitutions Politiques":

> One of the great errors of a century which pro-

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> fessed all the errors was the belief that a political constitution could be written and created *a priori*, when reason and experience agree in showing that a constitution is a divine production and that precisely the most fundamental and most essentially constitutional part of a nation's laws is something that can never be written.

It was impossible that the work of the Revolution should last, because the new system was a purely theoretical one which had been imposed artificially by cranks. De Maistre makes merry over the efforts of the cranks to dignify their work with classic names. It is use and use alone which dignifies and fills with meaning names originally commonplace: the Tuileries, for example. And you cannot prop up something silly and ephemeral by giving it a grandiose name! The Odéon, for example: for all the pretentious Greek label, it couldn't last! And the Olympic Games, so presumptuously inaugurated, of which an enthusiastic contemporary had asserted that "the day would come when they would attract the whole of Europe to the Champ de Mars"—how preposterous that was!

De Maistre's instances were not well chosen, and his arguments do not sound so good today as they may have done in 1809. There is something in what he says: you cannot invent a new social system and get people to accept it overnight. But that did not mean in France that the old regime had been preferable or that the new, in spite of Napoleon, had not taken a very strong hold—which were the conclusions de Maistre drew.

Joseph de Maistre was a petty noble of Savoy, very proud of his connections with the French aristocracy. He had gotten his first education from the Jesuits and then had gone to study law at the University of Turin. He worked hard at mastering French and he never allowed himself to read any book without first writing home to his parents for their permission. Afterwards he sat in the Savoyard senate, of which his father was the president.

De Maistre in his early phase entertained somewhat liberal views. He even belonged for a time to a Reform Lodge and was considered by the authorities a dangerous character. But when the French Revolution was threatening, he was delegated by his fellow members to report to the King of Sardinia that the lodge had been dissolved. When the armies of the Republic invaded Savoy, de Maistre fled with his family. He could have saved his property from confiscation after Savoy had been annexed by the French by taking the oath of allegiance to the new government; but he had brothers on the other side and he refused to contribute to the support of the revolutionary army. After knocking about rather miserably—at one time he and his wife were reduced to their last pieces of silver plate—he was finally sent to St. Petersburg as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the King of Sardinia. He remained there, without his wife and children, for fifteen years. By this time he was an embittered reactionary, and he occupied the long days of his exile writing books to formulate his position.

What is impressive about Joseph de Maistre is what is impressive about most sincere reactionaries from Dr. Johnson to Dostoevsky: his vision of human sin.

The great radical is likely to be a person who either is free from a sense of personal guilt or has evolved a psychological mechanism which enables him to turn moral judgments against himself into moral judgments against society. A man like Kropotkin is himself so guileless, so benevolently disposed toward his fellow men, that it is impossible for him to imagine that other people, if left to themselves, wouldn't all be as good as he. A Rousseau, with the elements much more mixed, was able at the moment of his revelation to put off all the humiliating experiences which had worried him and rankled with him on to an iniquitous social system, quite alien to the natural man, from which he could dissociate himself.

The reactionary, on the other hand, is likely to start from a profound conviction of the evil of the natural man. Instead of worrying because people do not get enough freedom, he is obsessed by the need for police—authority, discipline, order. How else can you keep the Devil under control? Dr. Johnson, who refused to go behind the scenes with Garrick for fear of the demoralizing effects of the bare necks and arms of the actresses, was all for Church and King; Dostoevsky, who when the peasants murdered his father seems to have felt a common guilt with the murderers and who seemed to believe himself expiating in Siberia crimes with which he had never been charged, came back all for Church and Czar. De Maistre, who was able to justify the apparent injustice of the days when he and his wife and children had been exiled, homeless and starving, by the sins he knew his soul must show before the tribunal of God, defended the divine right of Kings and the infallibility of the Pope.

And he thus most commands our respect when he is insisting on the evil of life as something which cannot be gotten around, as something which reason cannot abolish or rhetoric sentimentalize away. Injustices from our human point of view certainly occur, he says, (in "Les Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg")—people suffer for crimes they never committed. But if you take mankind in the gross, as God does, you will see that we all share in human sin. This sin is our common inheritance, our common debt, not one of us is free from it; and we must pay for it in common. De Maistre repudiates, he tells us, the snobbish point of view of the queen who had said, "You may be sure God thinks twice when it's a question of damning people of our sort!" No! not one of us is innocent. That Elizabeth of France, the King's sister, should have had to die by the guillotine just as the monster

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Robespierre did, does not prove that God is unjust: "Every man in his quality of man, is subject to all the ills of humanity." We are subject to unjust executions just as we are to apoplexy. But if we look at things in the large we shall see "that the greatest mass of happiness, even temporal happiness, goes, not to the virtuous man, but to virtue." Because if this were not true, the whole moral order would be wrong—which is absurd.

This leads de Maistre to one of his most famous performances. The whole moral order is *not* wrong and in reality our human justice is acting for the divine. The executioner, therefore, in spite of the fact that all the world avoids him, is a man appointed by God, "created like a world" and set apart. How else is it possible to account for him? —how else is it possible to account for a man's accepting such a job? Yet the executioner exists and carries out his terrible orders. De Maistre tells you about it.

> A lugubrious signal is given; an abject minister of justice comes to knock at his [the executioner's] door and let him know that he is needed: he sets out; he arrives at the public square, which is crowded with an eager excited throng. A prisoner or a murderer or a blasphemer is given over to him: he seizes him and stretches and ties him on a horizontal cross; he lifts his arm and a horrible silence falls: nothing is heard but the cry of the bones cracking under the heavy rod and the howlings of the victim. Then he unties him and carries him to the wheel; the shattered limbs get twisted in its spokes; the head hangs; the hair stands out; and from the mouth, gaping open like a stove, come only now a few bloody words which at intervals beg for death. Now he has finished: his heart beats, but it is for joy; he applauds himself, he says in his heart: "Nobody is better at the wheel than I am!" He comes down and holds out his blood-stained hand and the Law throws into it from a distance some gold pieces which he carries away with him through a double hedge of people who draw away in horror. He sits down to table and he eats; then he gets into bed and goes to sleep. And the next day when he wakes up, he begins to think about something entirely different from the work he had been doing the day before. Is he a man? Yes: God receives him into his temples and allows him to pray. He is not a criminal; yet no tongue is willing to say that he is "virtuous," for example, that he is "a good fellow," that he is "estimable," etc. No moral commendation fits him, because all such commendations assume some sort of bond with mankind, and he has none.
>
> And yet all grandeur, all power, all discipline, rest upon the executioner: He is the horror of the human association and the tie that holds it together. Take this incomprehensible agent out of the world and at that instant will order yield to chaos, thrones fall and society disappear. God, who is the author of sovereignty, is therefore the author of punishment, too.

It has been objected to de Maistre that he is hard. The truth is that he is not hard enough. As he says, a professional executioner is incomprehensible to him. And as a matter of fact, in his earlier days he had resigned from the Senate of Savoy, which had judiciary functions, precisely because he could not bring himself to sentence people to death. And though he was willing to face the fact that everything he valued in the world depended on that horrible wheel, he evaded the painful situation as much as he possibly could. If according to the divine arrangement, the good must sometimes suffer, then the innocent must sometimes get tortured. What about Calas, the Protestant merchant who had been accused by a Catholic mob of a crime he had perhaps never committed and who had been broken on the wheel?—Calas whom Voltaire had defended and whose name he had made a symbol for the savagery of religious intolerance? Well, the truth is, de Maistre replies, that Calas was probably guilty anyway. The chief thing that makes de Maistre think so is the flippancy exhibited by Voltaire while he was agitating Calas' defense—this flippancy being exemplified notably by a remark in one of Voltaire's letters. He had written to one of his correspondents: "You find my memoir too hot, but I am working on another one for you which is going to be a scorcher." Nothing can be more probable than that God Himself helps the police in cases like this so that they are sure to get the right persons; and besides, there is always the chance that even if a man is executed for a crime which he didn't commit, he may have deserved it for something else.

But even where the victim is certainly guilty, an execution like Calas' by "torture ordinary and extraordinary" and by breaking alive on the wheel is unquestionably a distasteful affair. Even when we can reconcile ourselves to contemplating the agonies of the wicked, how can we contemplate the feelings of the executioner? We get around this haunting difficulty by no less heroic a piece of sophistry than excluding the executioner from the human race! De Maistre has to invent for the executioner a character as frankly inhuman as that of a goblin or a djinn in a fairy tale. (One is not even convinced by his description that de Maistre has ever actually witnessed an execution.) He has to persuade himself that Jack Ketch, is *not* a man like himself, that he is a different kind of being altogether from the fellow whose humane sensibilities compelled him to resign from the Senate.

I know of no more striking example of the lengths to which an intelligent man can go to escape the implications of a position which he has an interest in maintaining. The Boston lawyers who maintained that though Sacco and Vanzetti might be innocent, they ought to be executed in any case in order that the authority of the courts should be upheld, though less sympathetic than de Maistre, were on firmer ground than he as they were on firmer ground than the thousands of their respectable and kindly fellow townsmen who like de Maistre did their best to convince themselves

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that, in spite of the dubious evidence, the accused were probably guilty or that if they didn't deserve death for murder, they did for political heresy.

You find this wanting to have it both ways all through "Les Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg." So with those other earthly evils—cancer and war. After describing with some vividness their horrors, he tries to show us they are not so horrible, after all: war stimulates religion and self-discipline; and as for cancer, there is a girl in St. Petersburg whom cancer has gradually converted into a model of pious devotion.

And even in regard to the Revolution itself, de Maistre is not really so uncompromising as he is sometimes assumed to be. His early liberalism stayed with him in spite of everything and weakened his royalist position. He was too serious and too intelligent not to realize and deplore the corruption and incompetence of the old regime. But the Revolution was " a great and terrible sermon which Providence has preached to men—a sermon with two points. Revolutions are made by abuses: this is the first point, and it is addressed to sovereigns. But it is infinitely better to have abuses than revolutions: this is the second point, and it is addressed to peoples." And he accepted the French Republic in so far as he believed it the only thing which could hold France together against her enemies.

Not a very satisfactory position. Knowing well that on that quarrelsome continent, where the nations were well engaged in the path that was to lead to 1914, no sovereign could ever bring unity, he advocated the establishment of an authority which by its decisions could keep comity and peace by a general recognition of the infallibility of the Pope.

The trouble was that de Maistre had been irremediably influenced by the rationalism and humanitarianism of the bourgeois philosophers whom he patronized. His class bias was, of course, very strong: it is plain in the passage I have quoted. The worst piece of injustice he could imagine was the guillotining of the King's sister. Calas was far from mattering so much. But why then should he have mattered at all? From de Maistre's point of view he was a heretic in any case. Voltaire, against whom de Maistre is always railing, has gotten him worried about Calas after all. And why bother about the fates of common soldiers? A thoroughly hard-boiled aristocrat ought to have taken all that for granted. But de Maistre's attitude, as I have said, is not really hard-boiled and realistic, it is sophistical and literary. It is an affair of ingenious reasoning and elegiac rumination in a limbo between two worlds. Talleyrand said of him when he died: "The prophet of the past has fallen asleep in the bosom of eternity with his memories which he takes for premonitions."

It is therefore hard to see how Joseph de Maistre—or the lesser French royalists who have succeeded him can have much to say to us today—unless we happen to be royalists and Catholics ourselves or are ready to become so. The whole of de Maistre's system is founded on the belief in a Catholic God who has appointed a Catholic king. And unless you are able to accept this, there is no reason why, perfectly agreeing with de Maistre as to the imperfections of the human character, you should not prefer to see society arranged in such a way as to give *all* the humans an equal chance to share the common burden of suffering rather than allow a comparatively small set of them, enjoying their peculiar position through inheritance, to put as much as possible of the pains of life off on the other humans. The aristocrats *had* been suffering in de Maistre's day—there is no question that he and the King's sister had had a pretty bad time. And de Maistre believed that suffering was salutary. But the kind of regime to which he wanted to return was precisely that which had been found in the past to lighten for his own class at the expense of the other classes its part in the earthly expiation of the common sin of us all.

In any case, however, the point is that in order to sustain a position like de Maistre's you have to believe in God and in a ruler sanctified by him. Bismarck is really a better example of the sincere post-revolutionary reactionary than Joseph de Maistre is. Bismarck, too, followed the course which, as I have said, seems to be typical of the reactionary—by way of desperate self-disgust and a vision of human futility he passed from an early pantheism and republicanism to an exaltation of authority and order. "Many an hour," he writes of his early riotous living, "did I spend in hopeless despondency, believing that my own and other people's existence was aimless and useless, perhaps only an accidental emanation of creation, rising and disappearing as dust from rolling wheels." And asserting the divine right of Wilhelm I, he evolved for himself a conception of God which identified God with his own will. On the basis of his despair and contempt for men he succeeded in building a state out of which the common man got more than he frequently does out of "democratic" regimes.

But the trouble with dictators like Bismarck is that in the first place they are unique. After Bismarck—the great double dyke, keeping in order the greeds of the rulers and partly satisfying the demands of the people—the deluge came indeed. Then where was the divine right? and where the old German God of Bismarck or the Catholic God of Joseph de Maistre? Modern patriotic nationalism—in spite of Mussolini, a lesser Bismarck, in spite of 100-percent Americanism—can never supply modern society with a meaning or a *raison d'être*. For nationalism as we have it today is merely a mask for something else: imperialism, which is the final phase of capitalism; whereas the old-fashioned God and King meant more or less what they purported to mean: a hierarchy of privilege and position depending from a supreme authority.

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Failing these, in the name of what power can the American reactionary today defend his support of the present system? How can you dignify or believe in a class society where the privileged class are the millionaires of the moment? Substitute for de Maistre's executioner with his wheel the chair in which Sacco and Vanzetti were electrocuted, the cops that hammered the testicles of the framed marine workers last winter, the Kentucky thugs with their dynamitings and shootings, the sweat room, the jail, the lynchers' gallows, the mounted police riding down the crowd—and in the name of what divine right will any of our alleged Tories dare assert that "all grandeur, all power, all discipline" depend on these? Does Hoover, when he calls out his professional army with bayonets and gas bombs and tanks against destitute civilian veterans, act by virtue of a divine right to maintain the power of well-to-do people who can show nothing to justify their position except the mere fact of their profits—no sense of the world, no public conscience, no training as a governing class, no conviction whatever that they hold their authority by the grace of an all-knowing God?

The sanction invoked by our first statesmen cannot be claimed for the present system. They were in many important instances—Jefferson and Franklin, for example—typical eighteenth-century free-thinkers of the kind that the de Maistres opposed, and they established their new republic in the name of the equal rights of all men to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

This sanction has become a joke among Americans who deplore "democracy," and the historians have made all too plain the reasons why the republic of the Founders failed to live up to its ostensible program. But it is true that this sanction is the only one which can seriously take the place of that which served Christendom so long. For "God," of respectable memory, substitute "human life." These are the only two possible sanctions —and from the moment you choose the latter, you are committed against capitalism.

We have no longer even, today, the excuses which gave in de Maistre's time some color to the reactionary's arguments. We no longer have to choose between a system that admits human imperfection but favors the interests of a class and a system which aims at the general good but assumes that it can be easily arranged. Lenin, cherishing no illusions as to the essential virtue of men or of the ease with which it was possible to govern them, was able to build one of the soundest of states in the name of human life cut loose from God. He did not deal in utopias—the Marxist does not project utopia. He merely regards the end of capitalism as the end of the last of the barbarous phases through which human society has to pass. After that there will be a chance for the really serious problems and conflicts between different ideals!

EDMUND WILSON.

This is the second of a series of eight articles. In the third, Mr. Wilson will discuss Michelet.—THE EDITORS.

Japan's Way Out

JAPAN is the most overpopulated nation in the world. The arable land per farmer and his family is less than one-third that of Italy. In the single state of Iowa there was more land planted in cereals in 1919 than was tilled in the whole of Japan. Many of our states contain more cattle, sheep and swine. Although the volcanic mountainous land of Japan is smaller than the state of California, more human beings have been added to its inhabitants in the past ten years than comprise the entire population of Australia. The population of Japan has doubled since 1870, and at the present time the Japanese birth rate is more than twice as high as that of England.

Not only is Japan the most overpopulated nation in the world, but her growth has gained such a tremendous momentum that experts estimate it will take at least thirty years to stabilize the population. And in thirty years the sixty-five million crowded human beings on the small islands of Japan will probably increase to more than eighty millions. This is a theoretically conservative estimate, and assumes a rapid spread of birth-control information among the Japanese people. Thus, as strained as the economic and social conditions now are in Japan, the unemployment situation is bound to become increasingly more aggravated. With the annual increase of population in the last five years averaging approximately 900,000, it is estimated that an increase in employment for 500,000 new workers will be required annually between 1940 and 1945. The delayed effects of rapid population growth are often the most serious. Furthermore, as the proportion of women of the child-bearing age is increasing while the general death rate is decreasing, the net increase, births over deaths, may grow even larger.

To make Japan's condition more perilous, the welfare of her population is dependent upon foreign trade in two commodities and with two countries. Nearly three-quarters of Japan's exports consist of natural silk and cotton cloth, and two countries, the United States and China, take two thirds of the total amount. If either of these in-

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dustries is seriously impaired, or either of these markets withdrawn, Japan's existence will be threatened.

As these few facts might suggest, Japan's fundamental problem is that of population pressure. Many authorities might be quoted to this effect. Dr. Warren S. Thompson, director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems at Miami University, tells us that Japan's most urgent problem is the pressure of population on the land resources of the nation. And in agreeing with Thompson and others on this subject, W. R. Crocker, Balliol College, Oxford, says that the Japanese foreign policy will be determined by her population problem; and to say that is to mark out her population problem as the dominant issue in the Pacific region.

The means which have been suggested to solve Japan's population problem may be grouped under five sections.

First, Japan can lower her standard of living. But as this standard is what makes life itself worth living, most progressive nations prefer as an alternative to risk their fortunes in war, and the Japanese do not lack spirit. Furthermore, Japan has plenty of precedents in Western history and culture for protecting her standard of living with the sword, if need be.

In 1929 Dr. Thompson wrote,

> . . . the pressure of population in Japan is becoming greater each year. In a few years it may become so great that it will be easy to suggest to the mass of the people that it would be as well to die fighting as to sit at home and starve.

Second, Japan may further industrialize herself. But she has nowhere near the raw materials or resources necessary to support even as slow-growing a population as that of France. If Japan became an industrialized nation comparable to Great Britain she would consume her reasonably good reserves of coal in about eight or ten years. Japan's iron ore would last the United States scarcely a year, while Great Britain has about one hundred and fifty times as much iron ore left as Japan has with which to begin industrialization. As regards water power, the United States has more than ninety times the potential water power that Japan has, although the population of the United States is scarcely twice as large. Japan has not the resources to become much more industrialized; certainly not sufficiently to support her very rapidly growing population.

Third, Japan may utilize other parts of her empire. She may import raw materials from other parts, or may export population to them. But a moment's reflection on the scarcity of resources in other sections of her empire and the rapid multiplication of population in them will show that this is an unfounded hope. The peoples of these parts increase even faster than the Japanese, and as they maintain a lower standard of living, the Japanese cannot compete with them without further lowering their own standard.

Fourth, Japan may resort to birth control. By this means the Japanese may not only stabilize their population as Western nations are beginning to do; they may actually decrease the population if that is desirable. But while it is admitted by Japanese scientists and statesmen that birth control is the ultimate solution to Japan's population problem, and that the Japanese people will take advantage of this means of population control, the most ardent advocate of family limitation must admit that birth control cannot become sufficiently general to relieve population pressure in time to prevent further expansive movements on the part of Japan. "Furthermore," says Thompson, "judging from the experience of Western nations even after birth control becomes general, the rate of population increase will continue high for some time. One of the first effects of birth control is to reduce infant mortality very greatly. It also reduces to some extent the hardship of life at all ages and so it is conducive to a decline in the general death rate, which for a time may equal or even exceed the decline in the birth rate."

Fifth, Japan may be given access to certain lands. "The granting to Japan of new lands, with larger resources," continues Thompson, "seems to furnish the only reasonable way out of its inevitable difficulties, and thus to present the only real alternative to war for Japanese expansion. . . . Since the Japanese seem destined to expand, and to expand by acquisition of more territory, we must now ask where Japan can find the new colonies which will furnish an outlet for its surplus population until such time as birth control will furnish permanent relief from overcrowding."

In his survey of the islands of the western Pacific, Thompson found several practically undeveloped islands, now held by European powers. To him New Guinea appeared to be, in several ways, the island best suited for the experiment by which world society might furnish a peaceful solution to Japan's problem.

W. R. Crocker of Balliol College, Oxford (an Australian), in his recent book, "The Japanese Population Problem," concurs with Thompson. "It is difficult," says Crocker, "for the student to resist the conclusion that the powers—if only in their own interest, for in any case they cannot ignore the international repercussions of Japan's domestic situation—should combine at the fitting time to place Borneo or/and New Guinea and some Pacific Islands (in whole or in part) at her disposal." Such a plan as this would, naturally, have enormous difficulties. Vast sums of money would have to be expended in repatriating the present population of these territories, or in otherwise arranging that they would not be submerged beneath the flood of Japanese immigration. The political arrangements would also be of the utmost diffi-

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culty. The operation itself, if carried out on a large scale, would cost Japan hundreds of millions of dollars, and most of this money would have to be loaned to her. However, these difficulties, tremendous as they are, are less than those created by another war, which, beginning in the Far East, might easily spread until it had sucked in all of Western civilization.

Since peaceful means of acquiring new territory for a slow, limited and controlled expansion of her population are not provided, Japan seems to have found it necessary to resort to the old barbaric method of invasion to prevent the dreaded conditions of overpopulation toward which the momentum in her population growth is speeding her.

One of the greatest dangers of expansion by war is the release of fecundity which follows a successful campaign of conquest in new lands. Thus we have the continuation of the vicious circle of more land for more people, and more people to fill up and hold the land conquered.

While Japan has already obtained a strong hold on Manchuria she has not actually gained sufficient territory and resources to stimulate a release in her fecundity or to have created a situation beyond peaceful solution. If, however, world society does not coöperate in helping to relieve Japan's increasingly aggravated population problem, further armed conflict between Japan and China or Russia seems inevitable.

Certainly after the experiences of the last World War it would be foolish, not to say tragic, to have another world war begin in the East for the purpose of reducing the momentum in Japan's population growth. Fortunately or unfortunately, Japan is in the singular position of being the only great world power that did not have its momentum in growth radically reduced by the War.

If the manner suggested by Thompson and Crocker of transfering certain territory to Japan seems too philanthropic for the powers to grant or for the Japanese people to accept, financial arrangements might be made so that Japan would be enabled to purchase the necessary territory as the vital need was experienced. In this manner good will could be reënforced in a practical way. Certain other territories such as the Philippines, Siberia, Manchuria and even parts of South America have been suggested and could be considered as homes for part of Japan's population.

It might be argued that the Japanese will not migrate to such tropical lands as Borneo and New Guinea, and that if they did use these and other outlets for their surplus population, their high birth rate would merely fill up these territories and conditions would become worse than at present. Regarding the first point, a large migration would not be necessary to procure the raw materials which are vitally necessary to Japan, and if Japan were given some control over these lands her interest in the territory would no doubt supply the impetus to the necessary emigration now lacking.

Concerning the second point, Japan must stabilize her population as countries of the Western world are now doing. As the Japanese people are literate and progressive and have been quick to take advantage of Western customs, there is good reason to believe, and considerable evidence, that the smaller-family ideal will make rapid progress in Japan.

Many people imagine that the Japanese are by nature and tradition more pugnacious and fecund than European peoples. But is this true? For more than two hundred years before Western intervention in Japan that nation escaped the incessant strife and warfare that plagued European and Asiatic nations, including China, and her population remained practically stationary during this entire period. In short, the "traditional" pugnacity and fecundity of the Japanese people furnish us with one of the best examples we have had in the last eighty years of how the leaders of a people may rapidly change their political and social activities. And what social control can do, it can undo.

"Several signs of a new tendency in Japanese population growth are appearing," said Dr. Shiroshe Nasu, perhaps Japan's foremost population authority. The proportion of city population is increasing, the size of the family is becoming smaller, and even the government is seriously considering the advisability of promoting birth control. City officials in Tokyo have recently sponsored investigations regarding the feasibility of introducing the practice of contraception among the masses of the people. Clinical centers are being established and newspapers and prominent persons, even to a relative of the late Emperor, have sponsored the movement. Recent newspaper reports tell us that contraception is being widely practised in Japan, and the Sanitation Bureau of the Home Office has left the custom to the judgment of the individual. That these changes are beginning to be felt is shown by the fact that notwithstanding an increasing number of women in the child-bearing age the birth rate per 1,000 total population in Japan was 33.0 in 1929, the lowest since 1919.

It is of the greatest importance not only to Japan, but to Oriental nations and the entire world, that family limitation make rapid progress among the Japanese people. Not only will this custom help to prevent further movement on the part of Japan for expansion, but through Japan it may be spread to other Oriental countries. It may not be too much to expect that even the famines and pestilences of Asia's teeming millions will give way before the human control of fecundity. It is practically the unanimous opinion of population experts that birth control is the greatest hope for progress in the Orient.

In conclusion, it cannot be emphasized too often

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that emigration and colonization cannot be a permanent cure for population pressure. There are no lands, new or old, that can for any length of time support a population increasing as rapidly as has that of Japan during the past decade. Crocker expresses the prevailing expert thought on this subject when he says, ". . . most specialists are agreed that emigration cannot remedy overpopulation. The room left by drawing off the surplus is immediately filled: the pressure of numbers is like the pressure of the tide against a barrier; remove the barrier and the tide pours in to fill the newly emptied space." But as Crocker, Moulton and others have shown, the fecundity of the Japanese people is headed sharply downward. As long as this trend continues, efforts that may be made by world society to relieve population pressure in Japan will not be in vain.

Certainly we are all too familiar with the results of war and the hopelessness of trying to scrape away the surface causes of war, not to welcome the opportunity which Japan presents to remove a fundamental cause of armed conflict.

GUY IRVING BURCH.

Border State

I. Issue

THE OLDER ones down here remember prohibition and why it was adopted. With that painful, almost bathroom intimacy in which a small town lives, they saw many a good citizen go to a drunkard's grave. They voted against it.

You have to keep that in mind in considering their attitude. You have to remember that the screaming devil's chorus of evils which prohibition loosed upon the cities is down here softened, lessened, muted almost to the point of extinction. Racketeers and gangsters they never see. Public officials are still tolerably honest, if sometimes intolerably stupid. Juvenile drinking and juvenile delinquency have increased, but not in city proportions.

The people here haven't lost sight of some main objectives. They think the saloon was a social evil and no amount of fetching barroom balladry can make it otherwise. It's hard to grow sentimental over the flowing bowl when there's a drunken father in the front bedroom and hungry kids below stairs.

Just now the citizens are bewildered. All their newspapers, all their movies, all their magazines, come from cities. They hear horrendous tales of beer wars and bombings, bribery, corruption and chaos. They look around them and see that even in Keyser, a small railroad town of six thousand souls, liquor is being served openly at parties and in homes where it would never have been thought of before prohibition. They don't like all this flouting of the law.

They are ready to vote for repeal; reluctantly, but ready. Yet the saloon remains the mightiest bogie that can be conjured up before them. The real fight won't be on repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The real fight will be on what is offered to take its place.

II. Candidate

Down here they like Roosevelt. Many political bigwigs read portentous meaning into this situation. They say the "border states" are likely to be crucial in the coming election. Well, here's one that is going for Roosevelt and it's a strongly Republican state at that.

Roosevelt is personally very popular. Those visits to Warm Springs, Georgia, have been tremendously successful in making not only the border states but the whole South rise up and clasp a Yankee-born, Harvard-bred Northerner as "one of us." Even the Drys accept him—not the Bishop Cannon pack of neurotic witch-burners, but the genuine, earnest Drys. Roosevelt has succeeded amazingly in convincing the Drys that he is not antagonistic, that he understands their point of view. They see a painful operation coming no matter who is elected. They accept Roosevelt as a friendly surgeon to perform the ectomy.

On all other questions, the political air is charged with fatalism. "Times couldn't be any worse, and a change might make them better." That spells woe to the man who finds himself in office, no matter where he is or what the issue. Item, such utterly diverse figures as the ultra-conservative Morrison in North Carolina and the nepotist Brookhart in Iowa, both felt the lightning in the primaries.

Roosevelt looms as the Blessed Alternative. Neither Manhattan deploring his lack of spine, nor Washington's specious cry of "radical" has any effect locally. Therein sounds the ominous note for Hoover. Whatever the President's merits, his one chance lies in a business upturn. Maybe he can do it. Maybe Mr. Hoover really *has* a rabbit in that hat after all.

III. Economics

Depression lays a green hand upon the countryside. Mountains, pitted with mines and scarred by industry, are reclaimed by vegetation. Here in the northeastern panhandle, the black valleys of despair in the south-central mining region seem remote, unreal. People are unaware of the stir they have caused outside the state.

Up here they are interested in railroads. Elsewhere it may be a glass factory, a chemical works, a power plant, a pulp mill, a steel mill. Always the question: When will they put the men back to work? Communities are carrying an intolerable burden of local relief. Some of the submerged elements, the poor whites, the more shiftless

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Negroes, are enjoying a sort of nightmare prosperity. Sub-social at best, they are now pardoned for their idleness and given food.

Higher in the scale, people are straining, waiting, trying to hold on. They look for the pick-up to come in industry first; would welcome it there. The war-debt cancellationists, incidentally, are overlooking a bet. These people, debt-ridden on their own account, are more ready to accept cancellation than leaders seem to think.

Through all the travail, one fact stands out. In times of unparalleled distress, there is scarcely a murmur, scarcely a questioning of the basic systems, democracy and capitalism—even as currently exhibited! The question hereabouts is tragically immediate and practical. When will the men go back to work? . . .

T. R. CARSKADON.

Keyser, West Virginia.

Washington Notes

Rustling the Dough—Party Contributions—Mr. Mellon Comes Across—Gubernatorial Candidates

MY, MY, how very much the alleged managers of these two campaigns are worried over the sordid detail of money! The lack of it dogs them by day and haunts them by night. They worry, bother and confer about it most of the time, all the while keeping up the pretense that financially everything is lovely and there are ample funds with which to carry on. The truth is that both sides are horribly embarrassed over the lack of substantial contributions. Neither party treasurer has had any considerable success in any direction and both headquarters are living from hand to mouth. Salaries have been cut, expenses pruned and both sides are sailing very close to the wind.

One would never gather from the ballyhoo that there was any such secret sorrow gnawing at the vitals of the committee chairmen, but it is none the less true. In the past few days since Hoover's acceptance speech and the Roosevelt-Walker-Seabury drama, I have heard heart-rending wails from Republican as well as Democratic camps, sufficiently poignant to drive both these important affairs completely out of mind—at least for the time. Money really is the most immediate and pressing problem of the managers. Without money they cannot very well carry on their elaborate plans for covering the country. And there simply is no money—or at least so little as to make it impossible to shift the headquarters machines into high gear. Of course one trouble is that presidential campaigns have become increasingly expensive, and a standard of money spending has been set which is abnormal and out of all reason. All idea of measuring up to 1928—or even 1924 or 1920—has been abandoned by both sides.

The difficulty is to get enough to fight effectively on a genuinely economic basis. The chief complaint of the managements is the terrific cost of the radio hook-ups which have become a prime campaign necessity. In these days it is imperative not only for the candidates but for the chief party spokesmen to have the coast-to-coast connection. Every time there is such a coast-to-coast connection a good many thousands of dollars must be planked down in cash. There is no escape. Obviously, the party that has the air these days has the advantage. It is an advantage which neither side can—or will—allow the other to have, but the job of "rustling the dough" to hold up the aerial end is one over which the managements are sweating in the most horrible way. It has, they tearfully tell me, reached the point where even the party-payroll hacks now demand their broadcast. Some of them refuse to speak unless it is provided.

Summing all this money business up, the cold fact is that there has never been a campaign in which more money could effectively be spent in reaching the people, nor one in which it was so hard to get. Take the Republican side. It is well known that in the past the Ambassadors, Ministers and diplomats generally have always been counted upon for the earlier and more solid contributions. Nearly all of these being wealthy men who captured their posts largely because they were wealthy, much was expected of them and—in the past—much received.

This time, I am informed, the Ambassadors are singularly failing to volunteer and are evincing a patriotic desire to remain at their posts during the campaign, the idea being that with the ocean between them and the campaign collector, they will get off a great deal easier than they would at home. This, of course, does not apply to the most important and wealthiest of them all—the Honorable Andrew J. Mellon. Mr. Mellon came home on a holiday three weeks ago, paid his visit to the White House, dutifully denied that he intended to resign, which is true only so far as the immediate future is concerned, and was promptly nailed by the collector before he could get back to Pittsburgh. Reliable information is to the effect that the old gentleman "came through" satisfactorily, by which is meant that he did not use the depression as an excuse for cutting down his contribution. He gave, I am informed, the same sum as in 1924 and 1928, with a tentative promise that he might do a little better later on. This was exactly in accord with his 1924 and 1928 formula. But, the others have not been so "satisfactory" as Mr. Mellon, and one or two of them, I know, have been "jacked up."

The Democrats, of course, have no diplomats to draw from and can tap no army of domestic office-holders anxious to hold their jobs. They, however, have within the party a considerable number of rich men who aspire to ambassadorships and Cabinet places, and a vast throng of not-so-rich who yearn for the smaller federal offices, from which they have been barred for twelve years. Donations from both these classes are promoted by the excellent prospects of Democratic victory. Yet, strange to say, the collections so far have been below those of the John W. Davis campaign of 1924 at the same stage of the proceedings, and of course way below the Smith mark. One reason for this, to be sure, is the fact that a lot of rich Democrats, like a lot of rich Republicans, are nothing like so rich as they were. But another reason is that the badly disgruntled Mr. Raskob, long before the convention met, combed all the available Democratic contributors of the country, in his Victory Fund drive, which was to have

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resulted not only in paying off the Democratic debt, but starting the party off in this campaign with a comforting surplus. It did not turn out that way. The present deficit is around $400,000; Mr. Raskob and his friend Mr. Smith are apparently out of the campaign, and there is difficulty in getting those canvassed for the Raskob fund to respond to the second solicitation. Still, there probably will be enough to run the campaign, though I have no hesitation in predicting that when accounts are closed in November, the Democratic debt will have been increased rather than diminished.

The reason I have dwelt so much on the matter of money is that, sad as it is to say, it is the basis of both campaigns—and always is. Furthermore, despite the candidatorial activity, the exuberance of the claim departments and the feverish performances of the publicity directors, everybody in a managerial capacity, however small, has his mind uneasily on it at the moment.

There are of course other things. For instance, on the Republican side there is the fight over the nomination for Governor of New York, greatly complicated by the entrance into the field of young Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War. If I am correctly informed Davison's candidacy was primarily promoted by the supposedly neutral Mr. Macy, and not by the Hoover administration. However, it puts the administration in something of a jam. It cannot very well refuse to support Mr. Davison and yet it is anxious not to be put in position of turning thumbs down on Colonel William J. Donovan. That might, they argue, alienate the Catholic vote in New York, of which the Republicans have great hopes because of the resentment believed to be felt over the treatment accorded Smith at Chicago. It is not a pleasant position for either Mr. Hoover or his right-hand aide Mr. Mills, and there is a disposition to regard young Mr. Davison as a bit too impulsive and impetuous.

However, if there is not one thing to worry the close friends of a presidential candidate, there is always another, and the Democrats are not wholly free from delicate situations with disturbing possibilities. With them the announced intention of Governor Roosevelt to visit California is one of these. It is true the Democrats have real hopes of carrying this state, but there is a sharp difference of opinion among the Roosevelt advisers as to whether his visit there will increase or diminish the chances. On the one side the argument is that the personality of the candidate and the compliment of the visit will stir up vast enthusiasm, not only in California but in the whole West. On the other hand it is pointed out that Mr. Roosevelt cannot very well go to California without seeing Mr. McAdoo, who had so much to do with nominating him in Chicago, and through whom the Garner deal was made. And he cannot very well see Mr. McAdoo without also calling upon Mr. Hearst, who is his chief journalistic supporter and whose papers are more influential in California than anywhere else.

The trouble is that the names of Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Hearst are harmful in the East and the more Roosevelt can dissociate himself from them in that section the better it will be for him there. To join hands publicly with them in California will stiffen the business opposition to his candidacy and play into the hands of the Republicans, who are endeavoring to picture him as a radical with "unsafe" friends and sponsors. At any rate, that is the argument, and it was made most forcefully by some of the inner Roosevelt circle. The decision to go was made by the candidate himself, who likes to take a chance.

Washington. T. R. B.

Deep South Notes

IV: Woodville Road

NATCHEZ is built on the site of an old Indian village; the tribe of the Natchez is thought to have migrated northward and, by its cultural development and certain evidences otherwise, to have shown its descent from the Aztecs. This, however, did not prevent their annihilation by the French later on, though that was only after a very handsome and nearly complete massacre of the earlier French colonists by the Natchez themselves.

The first white visitation of the bluffs overlooking the tremendous river below, with its yellow current and its timeless air of volume and full movement to the great gulf, was Spanish; De Soto's men came here in 1543, and there are historians who believe that De Soto is buried in the Lake St. John not far away. A white settlement was here long before Bienville in 1716 caused Fort Rosalie to be built for the protection of the town. As a matter of fact, Monsieur Penicaut, one of the French colonists there, began his journal in 1702. In 1763 England obtained this territory from France by treaty, and Fort Rosalie was under the British flag. In 1779 Don Barnado de Galvez, the Spanish governor of the Louisiana territory, captured Natchez from the British, and the region prospered, tobacco and indigo being its staples. The west section of the town was reserved for the houses of the grandees, Natchez-under-the-Hill began to thrive, with all its bright sin and scandal and ferocity, and at length in 1798 Mississippi became a territory of the United States. Winthrop Sargent came down from New England as the first territorial governor, an iron hand, an austere conscience and such high passport fees—you had to pay every time you crossed into French Louisiana, if only to visit your plantation or recover your hat blown off by the wind—that he was soon very rich as well as very conscientious.

In this, perhaps the richest land in the world, Natchez grew and flourished; and it is interesting now partly because of the fact that well after such colonial and antebellum places as Charleston and Williamsburg had settled into what they were to be, Natchez continued to flourish. Up to the very moment of the Civil War the carpenters and painters were at work there and furniture, china, silver, brocades, tutors, musicians and dancing and fencing masters were coming in from abroad: Longwood, for example, still stands as it did the morning the brushes and saws and hammers were laid aside and the workmen started north again and the slaves left off baking brick from the neighborhood clay. The most famous and richest of these estates was Clifton, overlooking the river; but the master of this, having by some oversight neglected to include the Chief Engineer among his federal guests at some dinner

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party during the Northern occupation, found his house declared an obstacle to certain fortifications and accordingly blown up. There are some thirty or more of these old houses still in Natchez, despite the fires, storms and mishaps of the years since the War. The most elaborate of them is Stanton Hall. This house, built in 1851, occupies a block in the town. A boat was chartered to bring from abroad the carved capitals for the many columns of diverse sizes, the marble mantels, the mirrors, silver locks and doorknobs, the furniture and chandeliers. These chandeliers in black bronze are designed around the history of Natchez, the Indians, Spanish and French figures and deeds. The height of the entrance hall is twenty-two and a half feet, the music room, drawing-room and dining-room on the same scale. Other houses interest you according to your taste: fine houses like Ezereux, Monmouth, Elmscourt, Brandon Hall; Somerset, with the portraits by Sully, Benjamin West and Gilbert Stuart; Arlington with its complete furniture, china and silver of the period and its fine little Canaletto; the Briars where Jefferson Davis was married to Varina Howell, Springfield where Andrew Jackson and Mrs. Robards were married, Rosalie where General Grant made his headquarters, Windy Hill Manor where Aaron Burr lived, plotted and was captured; or Homewood, from which scenes were filmed for "The Birth of a Nation," "Old Kentucky" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The friend with whom I am traveling has had, architect though he is, enough of Natchez at last, however, and we take the road toward Woodville, south. When Iberville came to Natchez with his brother, following in the steps of La Salle and the Chevalier de Tonti in 1662, fifty years before, he wrote of the "many roads cut through, going from hamlet to hamlet or to cabins." The road we travel is one of these, now sunk deeper than ever into the soil. The banks rise alongside like great walls and from them the trees and rich vines and all the lavish verdure of this Delta region go on upward, half shutting out the sky. The twilight has faded and even the dusk gone, and slowly the stars are coming out overhead; they point the blue darkness between the lines of the leafy walls.

I come now to the depression and bring my note on this old, quiet country into the great world of thought. With cotton what it is today and the general collapse, the Delta is poor, Mississippi is poor; and my friend remarks from time to time on the solitude of the roads, we go for miles and do not meet a car. Presently we pass a cabin or little farmhouse, with its paling fence, the family sitting on the porch; sometimes from a cabin porch we hear a banjo going or a guitar. He is gracious enough to say that this is a Southern side of it, sitting there taking a little pleasure, though they have not the money to ride about and the laid-up Fords are rusting no doubt and the better cars dusty in sheds. Pleasuring themselves, I think to myself; and smile then to think how in a moment he will very likely be seeing some other pleasuring. So he does, for when we have got a little farther into the country and everything is black with the shadow of the thick trees and the moonless night, the cows are there in the road. They have come out of the pastures and woods to lie down in the open of the road to enjoy the cool. It is a little difficult driving, my friend says, secretly delighted at the Southern naturalness—as he sees it—of the easy cows. We go along and presently there is another and then another; sometimes they occupy one side the road, sometimes are disposed toward both, sometimes there is a cow in the very middle. They are Devons, with their rich, dark red, and are more like shadows than anything else. There is enough recurrence of this to call forth impatience and sarcasm were it not for the poetry and curiosity of this gentle motorist's mind. We are farther out into the country, as wide and still as the desert but for the tree frogs, the bull-frogs, the low wind rippling among the leaves, and now and then a bird, and no one traveling, not an automobile, for nobody has money for gasoline. Then we begin to meet people walking the road; they are darkies going here and there. Sometimes one of them has a guitar, mostly they walk along noiselessly as well as invisibly, in this section they are a good African black. Sometimes one of them is riding a mule. It is not easy driving. The lights of Woodville are very welcome.

Woodville is a little town, in an old, rich planter's country. The courthouse stands in the center, and around it the square of shops, and at one corner of this square what is said to be the oldest railroad building in the world, not that it is the first ever built but that it has never been molested or changed. Tonight the town could boast few claims toward serious attention, for there is no lynching, nor is there any strike; just what would be best to strike against, at or in combination with, would be hard to say; nor is there the child-labor evil—at the moment the signs of any sort of labor are not very marked. My friend and I must console ourselves with the hum of voices from the streets, where scarcely a white man is to be seen this Saturday night; a few are in the shops and stores. We must try to enjoy this stream of African faces and figures, most of them no longer dressed in any rustic style but in the cheap clothes sent out from the cities and cut on city models, try to enjoy the laughter, the ripple of the leaves in the courtyard trees, the picture in our minds of the trip home again to the cabins, many on foot, along the roads that we have just now negotiated with some degree of God's grace. In the café, where the supper—with gumbo, ham, eggs, tomatoes and hot biscuits—is forty cents, and the boy serves us as members of the family, and not less than fifteen young men come in from time to time, for a glass of water or to stroll into the kitchen and out again—one of them makes himself a sandwich and stands eating it by the window looking out on the square—they tell us about the "Whittaker niggers"; everyone in the country knows them as that.

In Natchez, Mr. Evans Wall, the novelist, and Mr. Sam Abbott in his gasoline station with his boundless scrapbooks about all this part of the world, have already told me of these people; Mr. Wall saw a group of them brought into court in a town once, to the consternation of the jurors seeing them for the first time. When these Whittakers marry, their children who take after the Whittaker side naturally group themselves with their kind, so that by now something of a tribe of them is to be found. A professor came from some university to study them, but so far as anyone here knows, his treatise has not been published. The chief characteristics of the "Whittaker niggers" are a bald head around which grows a single fringe of hair, only two teeth, which are in front, and, as in a hog, no

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sweat glands; when they get too hot they run and jump into water or mud and wallow around.

After supper we come out into the square again among the unlynched. They are fewer now but plentiful enough. Some stand in groups, some promenade, some gather at the open lunch counter where there is a sign of free ice water; some are with the two men in white cotton trousers and white shirts, a red handkerchief around their necks, who are leaning with two guitars against the courthouse railing. Three young white men passing by stop, and one of them, a stranger in town from his manner to the two players, asks how much they would want to come down to the house and serenade. How much 'ud you-all pay? You say how much, the young man insists, he is a little drunk and rude. Would two bits apiece be all right? The young man does not understand; suppose, he says, there were a hundred people at the house; but the musician means two bits apiece for me an' my buddy. They settle on that, and the three young men start on home. I give the musicians a little money and they play for us some levee songs, one of them singing the words.

STARK YOUNG.

Gargoyles of Contempt

The following contribution is the prize-winning book review in The New Republic's college contest in writing. The author, who is specializing in English literature, is a senior at the University of Michigan.—THE EDITORS.

IN HIS essay, "Le Rire et La Caricature," Baudelaire remarked when he came to the English: "when it's a question of caricature the English are supreme." As T. S. Eliot noticed some years ago, Wyndham Lewis can be usefully thought of in connection with the eighteenth-century caricaturists whom Baudelaire had in mind. In "The Apes of God," [1] Lewis makes a revealing reference to Thomas Rowlandson:

> . . . As if some Rowlandson had come back to earth to spread the view that human beings were worth nothing more than *things,* and that all were within the compass of his bold stylistic pen, from bigwig to bow-wow—women big coarse flowers open to the four winds of heaven, stations for bees-glue or pollen upon the route of the mystical bee—men an abstract species of great bulk, concerned with a dull system of unwieldly crafts—all men and women justified in nothing but as *objects* pure and simple—to be models standing to be drawn for the laughter of a Rowlandson!

Some such vision has been central in Lewis' own career as a writer; it played a large part in "Tarr" and was doctrinated in the two essays that were included in "The Wild Body." The vision implies enmity. For some time, Mr. Lewis has been a professional enemy; and, as a result, he has to his credit the sustained achievement of certain valuable stylistic qualities rare in the prose of this age. I put his achievement in this way because I believe our interest in him (and perhaps a good deal of his own interest in himself) has been in his being an enemy rather than in his being an enemy of something. He has certainly pretended differently. He has entitled a book somewhat grandiloquently "Time and Western Man." But even in the case of this avowedly critical work—a violent defense of the peaceful vision of the painter—I dare say a good deal of our pleasure came when we took it not too seriously, when we took it, say, as the Battle of the Mookse and the Gripes, with Lewis wielding a slashing club for Sacred Space against the Time Demons (a Time Demon being anyone whom Lewis could forcefully vituperate). At least, the values of vituperation were unequivocally there. The value of any more serious definition of a Time Demon (when it is remembered that the definition must cover Alexander, Anita Loos, Whitehead, Gertrude Stein, Spengler, Charlie Chaplin, Bergson, the Russian Ballet, Joyce, Ezra Pound, Proust, etc.), was at least questionable.

Similarly, on the jacket of the English edition of "The Apes of God," Lewis wrote that the novel

> reflects the collapse of English social life in the grip of post-war conditions. Its theme is the confusion of intellect and of emotion as exhibited in a society beneath the shadow of a revolutionary situation. It shows that society groping back to its childhood; and how, beneath the threat of the future, whose significance it is too exhausted to grasp, it calls loudly for its mamma and returns to the bibs and bottles of its childhood.

That statement, I think, only gets very seriously relevant to the book in the promise of scenic invention implied in the notion of a society returning to the bibs and bottles of its childhood. After the War, the three Sitwells and the others (whoever they are) evidently did certain things in certain ways. Their activity has given Lewis' invective an object, a kind of direction and a necessary minimum of narrative structure. Concern for the justice done them is as relevant as concern for the justice done Theobald. Such men and women are justified in nothing but as *objects* pure and simple—objects for the contemptuous laughter of a Lewis.

The external plan of the book is simple and adequate. In an Encyclical Letter, Pierpoint (Lewis) explains the book's central idea: after the War, a large number of variously ridiculous members of the richer class thought it pleasant and plausible to collect under the "equivocal banner of Art," a movement which seriously threatened the stature, and the usefulness, and perhaps the possibility, of serious artists. Horace Zagreus is an outrageous but fairly complex Ape, who fortunately apes Pierpoint so that at moments when the author's attitude needs explication Zagreus' memory becomes minutely accurate and his aping technically useful. This Zagreus conducts an incredibly jejune Irish youth with pink cheeks which blush through a series of scenes in the monkey-house, climaxed by Lord Osmund's lenten party, where every kind of pseudo-Bohemian, pervert, English youth of "genius" and aristocratic moron turns up to participate in the pleasures of a literary family which suffers from "an overdose of Thymus—the childlike Endocrine."

[1] The Apes of God, by Wyndham Lewis. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.

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To indicate the quality of the numberless pages which fill this plan I can do no better than to quote exactly what Baudelaire said of George Cruikshank in the essay mentioned:

> George Cruikshank's special gift is an inexhaustible fecundity in the sphere of the grotesque. The wealth of his imagination is almost inconceivable and would be considered impossible were there not actual evidence of it in the form of an immense life work, in the innumerable collections of drawings, the long series of comic albums; in fact, he has given us so great a quantity of characters, situations, faces, and of grotesque drawings that one's memory is overwhelmed. The grotesque flows incessantly and inevitably from Cruikshank's pen. . . . The grotesque is his medium.

Lewis' book must be taken in terms like these; and, as the adequacy of the comparison with Rowlandson and Cruikshank indicates, they are the terms of "caricature" rather than of "satire" (which, as a genre, certainly implies less indulgence of the initial emotion and more critical integrity). Lewis is disgusted by the aping. But this disgust doesn't lead him to careful representation of it, to careful criticism of its implications. His contempt does not lead him to the critical justification of it. His contempt is mythopœic. His response to aping yields him a vision of Apes. And the vision is the thing. Contempt sustains this vision throughout the utmost elaboration. What "The Apes of God" reflects is not "the collapse of English social life" but the expansion of Mr. Lewis' contempt.

When the intention of the book is seen in this way it is evident that the canons for judging it become strictly technical ones. How rich is the medium he has created for expressing an emotion? Is there resourcefulness of visual imagination and resourcefulness of language? In quoting Baudelaire on Cruikshank my answer has been suggested. As a single example, Lewis is amazingly successful in duplicating in prose an effect like that of Rowlandson's "The Trumpet and the Bassoon," the human features being elaborately manipulated for grotesque images, every line of which is contemptuous. Generally, Mr. Lewis' whole prose style is analogous to the style of "caricature." He has an actual appetite for the abundant; and the power and vitality with which he satisfies that appetite in the interest of his contempt make "The Apes of God" one of the major achievements in contemporary English prose.

WILLIAM J. GORMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Concerning Norman Thomas

SIR: You say in your introductory paragraph to Paul Blanshard's article in The New Republic of August 10, that "Mr. Josephson's article was submitted in advance of publication to Mr. Thomas and several of his associates." May I correct an impression that your statement might give to some of your readers.

The proofs came to Norman Thomas' office while he was away from the city. He saw neither Paul Blanshard's reply nor the revised Josephson article. What happened when Mr. Josephson's article came to this office was that Mr. Blanshard and I attempted to correct some of the factual errors in the article. We couldn't, however, correct the fact of Mr. Josephson's bias.

New York City. JACK HERLING.

SIR: It is difficult to write about Matthew Josephson's "Portrait of Norman Thomas" without recourse to strong language. It is one of the most cleverly malicious attacks I have ever read. That it is cleverly malicious indicates that Mr. Josephson has improved upon the ordinary run of Communist attack. The extraordinarily inept Communist party might learn much from his literary tactics in following the Leninist precept, "to practice trickery, to employ cunning, and to resort to illegal methods—sometimes even to overlook or conceal the truth."

Mr. Josephson's attack centers upon Thomas' middle-class antecedents and early environment, and his seeming acceptableness to the ruling class. These are points that Communists have harped on for years. According to Mr. Josephson and his Communist brethren, Marx, Engels, Lassalle and other prominent revolutionaries could hardly have been sincere and thoroughgoing radicals because they came from well-to-do bourgeois or noble families. I have even heard one Communist argue as follows about the respective qualifications of Foster and Thomas: "Who has been in jail more times, the Communist or the Socialist candidate?" Upon this line of logic Al Capone would be the logical candidate of the Communist party.

Mr. Josephson, like most Communists, finds it extremely easy to talk of things of which they know little. Before he glibly dismisses Thomas as an errant reformer gone Socialist, and Hillquit as a "wait-with-your-fingers-crossed" Socialist, it would be best that he examine the present opportunistic and reformistic national platform of that party which "at least is working along the labor front." Perhaps he could then class William Z. Foster as a brother reformer along with Thomas.

ERNEST DOERFLER.

SIR: Labor journalism needs pamphleteers. Where is Matthew Josephson? If this farmer-artist doesn't see that the important thing at the present moment is for all of us to go after the main enemy, at least let him be humble enough to get the hell out of the way of those who are becoming gray-haired trying to devise techniques for organizing the unemployed, the farmers, the veterans, the white-collar workers.

JOSEPH P. LASH.

New York City.

SIR: The article on Norman Thomas is a happy sign of the times we are living in. America is growing up and beginning to discuss and trying to understand what has long been common knowledge on the continent: the role of a Socialist party.

One simple fact stands out after reading Josephson and Blanshard. The Socialist party is *not* a working-class party and certainly not a conscious group of revolutionists whose sole purpose and work is the overthrow of an intrenched system of society.

Although Mr. Josephson in a sense gives us a glimpse of the S. P. when he portrays so vividly their presidential candidate, what is lacking is a clear analysis of the class struggle in America and the role played by the Socialist party in the election campaign.

For instance, the average intelligent person who is sympathetic towards the Soviet Union might be misled by the Socialist platform. It favors recognition. But so do the Chambers of Commerce in certain sections of the country. The Socialist party has consistently, year in and year out, carried on a most vicious campaign against the present Russian government, slandering its leadership, belittling its accomplishments, hindering its anti-war campaigns, even declaring in its newspapers and through some of its leaders that it stands ready and willing to help overthrow that government, and finally supporting counter-revolutionists who come to America to collect funds for that purpose.

The Socialist party has long ceased being a militant group and its leaders are generally retired gentlemen and social workers who

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wish to buy from the capitalists the national resources and restore them to the people in order that the people may have the privilege of owning the said resources and paying interest to the kind gentlemen who consented to restore to the people their long lost heritage. The ruling class has nothing to fear from this class of Socialists, the type we see on the soap box—genteel young people, preaching Christian Socialism. And workers walking by stop for a minute, wondering what the hell this nut is talking about.

I wish Mr. Josephson could have devoted more space to the treacherous campaigns of the American Socialist party, as for instance, the accusation that the German Communist party is anti-semitic, and less space to Mr. Norman Thomas, the gentleman.

GILBERT JACKSON.

New York City.

SIR: Mr. Josephson, in his article on Norman Thomas in your issue of August 10, criticizes the latter for his middle-class socialism and cites an incident in the Passaic strike of 1919 as proof.

Thomas was speaking to the Passaic strikers when the police put out the lights. He then lighted a candle and read the Declaration of Independence. Josephson surmises that Thomas was troubled by the darkness, and interpolates, "A Marx or a Lenin would have inferred more logically that entrenched economic injustice ordained darkness."

I should like to know—more in curiosity than in anger—where Mr. Josephson got his information as to what Marx would have inferred under like circumstances. For the fact is that Marx never addressed a group of strikers in his life. It is doubtful if he ever saw a strike. And it is certain that he never participated in one. Norman Thomas has participated in more strikes than Karl Marx ever heard of.

It seems to me that before these radical converts among the literati start writing about Marx they might learn something of him. Marx lived for sixty-five years. In 1847 he and Engels wrote the "Manifesto." In 1864 Marx wrote what is called "The Inaugural Address." And in 1872 he wrote a new constitution for the International. In "The Communist Manifesto," Marx was a revolutionary. In the Inaugural he was not. And in the revision of 1872 he was nothing more than a politician and a very dirty one at that. If Mr. Josephson is to measure Thomas or anyone else by the "Marxian yardstick," it might be well for him to know that there are at least three, and to let us know which one he means.

Mr. Josephson seems to have a high regard for Mazzini as an "unflinching revolutionist," etc. But does Mr. Josephson know that his friend Marx feared, hated and despised Mazzini and everything he stood for, including his revolutionary ardor.

As for De Leon and Debs fighting on the labor front as compared with Thomas, this is largely the bunk. No Socialist in the United States has ever done more than make futile passes at the labor fringe. De Leon created a paper organization. Debs did not become a Socialist until after the American Railway Union was dispersed. It is true that Debs had a larger labor following than has Thomas, chiefly because there was a larger "labor" following to have. As for the Communist labor front, there is none.

When, Mr. Editor, will the literati learn that there is something more to writing than just knowing how to write?

NORMAN J. WARE.

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

The Revolution Is Here!

SIR: As I have been very much impressed by Stuart Chase's articles on the horrors of revolution, I feel that he should be informed of some ominous developments now taking place in the metropolis. Not long after I read his prediction of how those skilled technicians, working at certain key valves, could do so much damage to the technological development of the country, I became aware of a sinister revolutionary movement, similar to that he describes, *but now actually going on!* Skilled technicians, "shock troops," no doubt, but masquerading as employees of the electric company, entered our apartment and, working with great speed and efficiency, reached certain key valves *and turned off the lights!* No sooner had they left when another swift and silent group, bent on sabotage (but equally well trained and disciplined), entered and *turned off the gas supply!* I immediately called an officer, but (no doubt having been bought off by the "shock troops"—perhaps a member of the same sinister "gang") he *turned his back and walked away!* What was to be done? I rushed to the telephone, thinking to inform the public utilities of these "employees" of Mr. Redbonnet or some of his motley crew, and what did I find? That same well trained and well disciplined corps of skilled technicians had worked their way to certain key valves and *taken away my telephone!* What is to be done? Come, Stuart Chase, the crisis is upon us!

ROBERT CANTWELL.

New York City.

Moonshine from Blankets

SIR: Your editorial "Golden Moonshine," in the issue of July 20, disclosed the fact that you have not kept abreast of developments in the technique, or "art" of distilling two hind-hoofed white mule. You say, "Even for a penniless miner, it isn't hard to get hold of sheet copper and tubing, a barrel for mash and a few stone jugs." Your process is entirely too complicated. The old barrel for mash and the stone jugs may still be necessary, but the other things you mention are superfluous.

While visiting relatives in Tennessee a few years ago I witnessed the method used by the poorer classes who never acquire sufficient capital to purchase a piece of sheet copper and tubing. The old family wash-boiler is brought out and a blanket slipped from the bed. The boiler is filled with mash and placed on the stove. The blanket is folded many times and placed over the top of the boiler. After a time the blanket will become saturated with liquid from the steam and is then removed and wrung out into a bucket by the primitive hand method. Result: the nectar that cheers. It commands market prices.

JOHN EVANS.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Antioch Tackles the Depression

SIR: The new Antioch College program as initiated eleven years ago constitues an effort to develop the whole personality of its students. We hold that the development of cultural appreciations, social purpose, and practical capacity for accomplishment should grow together.

One of the many phases of the plan includes the development of a laboratory of socially motivated industry, and in partial fulfillment of our aim, Antioch has undertaken to attack unemployment and frozen resources in its territory by the organization of a commodity exchange. There are several features of this project. First is the organization of perhaps fifty manufacturers for the exchange of each other's products. Each would agree to honor orders from the central exchange to a limited extent, and each in return would be given limited credit to order any goods produced by the other members. The central exchange will be the central clearing house for these credits. Except for this limited exchange of credit to provide immediate circulation, sales and purchases for each member of the firm must balance, and there results an approach to a planned and controlled economy within the group.

Antioch's private interest in this organization arises from the fact that in its industries and activities it has surplus capacities of more than $100,000 a year which it would like to exchange for what it needs. Its less immediate purpose lies in an attempt to help overcome in its territory the present tragic condition of frozen resources. Other elements in the program include labor and commodity exchanges in adjacent centers, including exchange of agricultural products for other products and services.

To assist the general manager of this project we need a competent and experienced merchandise manager, an experienced accountant to handle the credit-clearing-house features, and a pur-

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chase and sales manager to deal with the exchange of goods between manufacturers and others. We also might use one or two good salesmen to make contact with members of the circle and to help maintain the balance of sales and purchases among the members. For these positions we need that rare combination of thoroughgoing commercial discipline and competence which has a record of practical success, together with social-mindedness which will see this work as primarily an opportunity to contribute to progress in social economy. . . .

We should like to make contacts with competent men who may be interested in such an undertaking. There is very little ready money available, and those who participate must be willing to share the privations of the pioneer.

ARTHUR E. MORGAN.

Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

No More War!

SIR: The utter inability or unwillingness of governments to control the colossal war machine challenges the peoples to take into their own hands the fight against war. It is folly to petition governments for peace and disarmament. It is folly to trust peace pacts or peace machinery controlled by governments. The privileged masters of governments who live behind armaments are stronger than all the petitions and pacts.

The fight must be won outside governments by the international action of workers, peasants and intellectuals—men and women of all classes determined to end war for all time. We cannot wait for revolutions to change enough governments by destroying the nationalist capitalism which breeds war. In its present fear of destruction, that system would rather throw the peoples of the world into mutual slaughter than surrender its privileges.

Let us unite for immediate and total disarmament; for refusal of the masses to perform war service; for a universal strike on the threat of war; and for an anti-war union of all classes and parties intent on a single goal—NO MORE WAR!

New York City. ROGER N. BALDWIN.

The White Terror in Hungary

SIR: Friedrich Karikas, a well known Hungarian proletarian novelist and poet, has been court-martialed and sentenced to death for a political offense. Two others arrested with him, Emmerich Sallay and Alexander Fuerst, have already been executed by the Budapest military court (see The New York Times, July 30). A similar fate is in store for Karikas; only widespread and emphatic protest led by leading writers and artists throughout the world can save him from immediate execution. The twenty John Reed Clubs of the United States have already sent a radiogram protesting his impending execution and demanding his immediate and unconditional release to Count Karolyi, Premier of Hungary, and to his ambassador at Washington, Count Laszlo Sizecheny.

In order to save Friedrich Karikas from the death which has been the lot of Chinese and Japanese revolutionary writers in the past, and which more recently has been meted out to writers of Italy, Hungary and other European states, we urge all leading writers in the United States to rally to his defense. Radiograms to Budapest, telegrams to Washington, items in newspapers and magazines—all may be instrumental in staying the execution and saving his life. A number of letters appealing for such aid have already been sent to some leading American writers.

New York City. EDWIN ROLFE.

Help the Scottsboro Boys

SIR: Roy Wright, fifteen, and Eugene Williams, fourteen, the two youngest Negro boys, of the nine victims of the attempted legal lynching in Scottsboro, Alabama, are still in prison, though there are no convictions against either now. They have been in prison since April, 1931, almost a year and a half. There was a mistrial in the case of Roy Wright; in the case of Eugene Williams the Alabama supreme court reversed the death verdict, on the grounds that he was a juvenile. But the state of Alabama makes no move to bring them to trial again.

These youngsters have suffered enough. We must see that this incredible torture is not dragged out any longer. We must bail them out. We must see that they are brought to a speedy trial. We must see that they come to this trial safeguarded by every necessary legal preparation.

Facing this grave, immediate responsibility, the Scottsboro defense finds itself seriously crippled. Our funds are exhausted by the long legal struggle necessary to win the review before the United States Supreme Court for the other seven boys. Recent contributions have had to go to prepare for the October Supreme Court hearing. . . .

We must have a special sum of $1,500 immediately for the defense of the two youngest boys. We have engaged excellent Alabama counsel to defend them. But they cannot begin to move effectively until we have this money for them and their necessary expenses.

Please send your check to John Dos Passos, Treasurer, Room 337, 799 Broadway, New York City.

New York City. JOHN DOS PASSOS.

The Hound and Hun

SIR: The communications with which the editors of The Hound and Horn have recently graced your pages have been distinguished neither by their clarity nor by the knowledge they displayed. But not until the appearance of the letter published in your issue of July 13 have these young gentlemen measured thus publicly the precise dimensions of their ignorance and confusion, nor, for that matter, of their arrogance, vulgarity and conceit. Perhaps you will permit me, one of the founders of The Hound and Horn, to set my former colleagues straight on one or two elementary points, a tiresome duty which it is evident someone must discharge from time to time through the generous medium of your columns.

They say that Mr. Hicks has lumped them with Homer, Dante, Racine, Shakespeare and Goethe as members of the leisure classes. Mr. Hicks has paid them no such compliment. The notion that in condemning the leisure class of today the Marxist critic waves aside all the culture of past epochs is a vulgar error, comparable only to the belief, once popularly entertained, that all Communists wear black beards and carry smoke bombs. There is a significant distinction between the leisure classes of the past and that of today, a distinction which only a very obtuse person could fail to sense in Mr. Hicks's letter in your issue of May 25.

When we read through the farrago of pompous banalities and contradictions which the editors of The Hound and Horn offer as exposition of Mr. Hicks's views, we can only wonder at the intuition with which these gifted young students of literature have been endowed. Surely not even Mr. Hicks' closest friends had guessed, if this be it, the Truth! Mr. Hicks is charged with tending the garden of the arts less assiduously than he ought. But I am sure it is only modesty which prevents him from saying he has the future of American art and literature far more closely at heart than have our dilletante friends. I believe I should not be falsifying his position in any major sense were I to say that it is the poverty, the senility, the sterility, of contemporary American literature and art (perhaps nowhere more evident than in the pages of The Hound and Horn) which have led him to hope for better things through social change. As the vision of the Augustan Age gave scale to Virgil, and the hope of a chastened Florence gave Dante stature, so may the political and social issues of our own age lend dignity and importance to the art and literature of the twentieth century. One may differ as to the nature of those issues—to Communists they are the class struggle. But it is hard to see how even the editors of The Hound and Horn can deny that all great art reflects the political and social issues of its day. Unless they are referred in some way to those issues, our art is likely to be an unimportant one, our literature as devoid of permanent value as the epics of the Homeridae, our criticism both vapid and vulgar.

And as for Attila—I think that, even though mindful of the barbarism into which Russia has sunk since 1917, we yet may take our chances with the "Huns."

Northampton, Mass. VARIAN FRY.

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A Statesman of the Law

Mr. Justice Brandeis, edited by Felix Frankfurter. New Haven: Yale University Press. 238 pages. $3.

PROFESSOR FRANKFURTER has rendered us a useful service in collecting together these tributes paid to Mr. Justice Brandeis on his seventy-fifth birthday. They vary from the characteristically graceful words of Mr. Justice Holmes—in an essential sense the master of us all—to full and important essays by the editor himself and by Professor Walton Hamilton. The volume also contains some pregnant words of praise from the Chief Justice of the United States. Its great value lies in the clarity with which it expounds the contribution to the American way of life of one of the most significant figures of our time.

A foreigner, doubtless, always approaches American experience with a scheme of values that has its own faults of perspective. But I miss my guess completely if I am wrong in my belief that the historian of the next generation will find in the opinions of Mr. Justice Brandeis a vital clue to the meaning of America in transition. It is probably true that, as a legal philosopher, Mr. Justice Holmes has a greater universal significance. There has been poured into the principles he has sought to fashion the juristic experience of all time. It is probably true, also, that more conservative figures on the bench have made a more direct impact on the functioning of the Supreme Court. But in the power to shape legal doctrine to factual need, an outsider can hardly fail to gather the impression that Mr. Justice Brandeis belongs to the half-dozen figures in the history of the Court whose names can be mentioned reasonably with those of Marshall and Storey.

These essays reveal at least the sources of his secret. It is not, as some have urged, that Mr. Justice Brandeis is a radical in an age which requires a big shift in the foundations of thought. It is not, either, that he has consistently shown great courage, great learning, supreme analytic power. It is rather, I believe, because he has understood that the judge who deals with the issues which come before the Supreme Court must be not less the statesman than the jurist. He is not hindering experiment which contradicts accepted principle. He is shaping accepted principle to fit new needs. He is registering the impact of new mental climates upon doctrines which are fatal once they acquire rigidity. Successfully to achieve this task, he needs, above all, two qualities. He must be humble in the presence of ways of thought which seek results alien from his own desires; he must resist the constant temptation to believe that the makers of the American Constitution were seeking to anticipate his private utopia. He must be aware, in the second place, of the drift of social tendencies in his age, and be able to assist their consummation by bringing to their interpretation a sympathetic grasp of the qualities involved.

Mr. Justice Brandeis meets these two tests triumphantly. No judge has ever sat upon a bench where the writ of the common law runs with a wider or keener insight into economic reality; and I can think of only one judge now actively in harness who has in the same degree that spirit of self-criticism which Pascal commended. I adduce only two cases in proof. Let the reader study his opinions in the Southwestern Bell Telephone case (with special regard to his prophetic insight into the course of prices) and in Whitney *vs.* California, and ask himself whether there is any other figure on the bench who could have brought exactly the qualities there displayed, the immense range of knowledge, the impressive analytic power, the shrewd, quick wisdom, to bear upon the issues involved. No doubt they lack, as opinions, Holmes's incomparable gift for the unforgetable phrase. No doubt, also, they are the opinions of one incapable of that Olympian calm because, at bottom, he feels so passionately what is meant by the outcome of the results he is striving to reach. But reading these opinions and putting them into the general context of nearly five hundred opinions which illustrate always the same temper of mind, if I were an American I should feel inclined to point to Mr. Justice Brandeis as one of the great contemporary justifications of the national adventure.

The reason for that feeling is obvious enough. A new America is emerging upon the ruins of its *laissez-faire* philosophy. The grand task of the next few years is the discovery of the formulas which will enable the Constitution to be adapted to the wants of the positive state. An issue in the debate is, above all things, the relation of an eighteenth-century conception of the rights of property to new principles of social welfare. Mr. Justice Brandeis may rightly claim that he has no "rigid" social philosophy. But whatever his care in avoiding allegiance to any specific set of dogmas, he has in him a zest for practical justice which accepts the fundamental axiom that the needs of today shall not be subordinated to the legal pattern found adequate yesterday to different needs. Laws, said Montesquieu, are the necessary relations of things. That is too proud a boast. They are the relations we strive to make necessary in terms of a postulated result we ache to reach. The eminence of Mr. Justice Brandeis lies in his willingness to allow that postulated result to arise inevitably from the facts he has encountered. That is why, in Professor Frankfurter's happy words, he is "by common consent, a great and abiding figure of the world's most powerful court."

HAROLD J. LASKI.

The Fine Art of Scandal

Some Materials towards Memoirs of the Reign of King George II, by John, Lord Hervey. Edited by Romney Sedgwick. New York: The Viking Press. 3 vols. 1,004 pages. $30.

THESE memoirs, since they first appeared in 1848, have been an important source not only for the history but for the personal gossip of the reign of George II. Hervey knew, of course, that the exploitation of the royal family which he purposed in his memoirs would make it impossible for them to appear in his own time. His son, the third Earl of Bristol, influenced by "feelings of duty and delicacy" toward the royal family, still further postponed their appearance, writing into his will a clause forbidding their publication before the death of George III. As a matter of fact, it was twenty-five years after that event when a Marquess of Bristol, after having first obliterated and destroyed substantial portions of the original manuscripts, finally permitted the memoirs to be published upon condition that the editor should remove "every expression positively offensive to a delicate mind."

Fortunately a copy of the original manuscript had been sent to George IV, whose taste in matters of "duty and delicacy" was perhaps not too nice. A few years ago it accidentally came to light in the Royal Archives at Windsor. Collating this copy with the original, the present editor of the memoirs, Mr. Romney Sedgwick, has been able to add a hundred pages or so of new material, to include as an appendix Hervey's "Account of My Own Constitu-

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tion and Illness," surely the most amazing document of eighteenth-century medical practice; to cancel the alterations which had been made in the text of the original, and repair, with one exception, all the omissions. And now, nearly two centuries after they were written, "Lord Hervey's Memoirs have been textually reproduced, without regard to considerations either of decency or dullness"; with Mr. Sedgwick's introduction, which is everything an introduction should be, and with all the beauty of format, paper and type which the printer's art can give to a book.

John Hervey took up his pen with the accession of George II and laid it down at the death of the Queen. For the ten years from 1727 to 1737, he made a record that in minuteness of detail has few parallels in literature. He had unlimited opportunity to know the personalities of which he wrote. As Vice-Chamberlain he had access at all times to the royal family. He could observe them, as he says in the beginning of the memoirs, "when that mask of constraint and hypocrisy, essential to their stations, was enough thrown off for some natural features to appear"; and, being in no way hampered by the scruples that would have bound another man to certain reserves, he set down for posterity whatever he saw or heard.

His position in political affairs was equally advantageous. In his official capacity Hervey knew the scope and intent of measures contemplated by the ministry and, as the Queen's confidant, he could interpose his influence within the palace for their success. The situation at the beginning of the reign offered a good field for the sort of talents he possessed. George II, perhaps to his own surprise, and certainly to the astonishment of the rest of the world—unless one should except the Queen—had kept on Sir Robert Walpole as chief minister. Peace was a passion with Walpole; and he needed it, moreover, to work out the commercial policy to which he was committed. And even as Walpole loved peace, so George the King loved the sound of drums. When Walpole accepted the post, his ultimate success was hardly a good risk; but through Hervey he reached the Queen, and through her the King: "When I give her her lesson she can make him propose the very thing as his own opinion which a week before he had rejected as mine."

Not only in political concerns did Hervey busy himself. He had another and perhaps more congenial role, as Mr. Sedgwick suggests when he calls the Vice-Chamberlain "Queen Caroline's gigolo." The Queen, a clever and cultivated woman, paid for her power by acute boredom. "The ablest of the men whom she would normally be brought into contact with never opened a book," the King hated reading, and Walpole, after twenty years of office had forgotten the art. "In such surroundings," says Mr. Sedgwick, "a consummate courtier, who was also a cultivated man and a brilliant talker in the style of his day, had the field to himself. For the last years of her life he deliberately set himself up as her purveyor of entertainment."

This purveying of gossip opened the way for something more sinister in motive and results. To the usual occasions for gossip the court of George II could add one never-failing theme, the dissensions between the royal family and Frederick, Prince of Wales—dissensions which the Prince himself took every opportunity to bring to the attention of the public. Questions of his allowance, his marriage, the jointure of the Princess, were debated with the greatest rancor within the palace, as well as in Parliament and on the street. No occasion was too trivial or too serious for the Prince to publish his opposition to the Court. If the Queen dined with Walpole, then the Prince must ostentatiously feast Pulteney, Walpole's most bitter enemy. If the King brought the German Handel to the Haymarket, then the Prince must see to it that the Italian Buononcini should receive nightly ovations in Lincoln's Inn Fields. If there were state reasons why the King and Queen desired the Princess' accouchement at Hampton Court where their Majesties were in residence, then the poor little Princess must be spirited away in the dead of night, at the risk of her life, to St. James's in London. The Prince's derelictions and his final banishment from the court are recorded in the memoirs, as they seem to have been whispered into the ear of the Queen, "with a zest which they owe to Hervey's quarrel with the Prince of Wales."

The interest to the reader of this publication is by no means limited to its significance as a source of political history or as a *chronique scandaleuse*. Much of the intellectual life of the age sunned itself in Caroline's court, and its literature came to a second, if paler, flowering there. Lord Hervey himself was a figure in the literary as well as the political life of his time. He is remembered best, perhaps—such is the power of aspersion, a weapon of which Hervey, least of all men, can complain—as the "Lady Fanny" and the "Sporus" of two of Pope's most venomous attacks. But to his contemporaries he was vastly more: an author and poet, a wit, a friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and many others of that brilliant circle. His avocation was literature and whatever he has recorded in that connection, though it bulks small in proportion to the rest, is not the least interesting and valuable part of the memoirs.

MABEL SEYMOUR.

The Scandal and Credulities of John Aubrey, edited by John Collier. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 257 pages. $2.50.

MARCEL SCHWOB, the French Symbolist, admired Aubrey's "Brief Lives" enough to write a direct imitation, "Imaginary Lives," in which he applied what he regarded as the Aubreyan principle—though Aubrey himself was blessedly unconscious of it, and if he had been a more industrious man would probably have violated it by elaborating his pieces into formal biographies. Strachey, whose style probably owed some of its warmth to his pleasure in Aubrey's artless intimacies, wrote that "a biography should be either as long as Boswell's or as short as Aubrey's," which seldom exceed three pages of ordinary print. Aubrey, he said, lets us have "the pure essentials—without explanations, transitions, commentaries or padding."

Aubrey's book is a little classic; but his method, consciously employed by others, is unlikely to beget classics large or small. The qualities that refresh us in Aubrey are accidental. The style, though careless, is good because even average seventeenth-century writing was good. His "biographies" were written down on scraps of paper, and there is a happy spontaneous directness in the best of them, though others—here barred by Mr. Collier's editing—are mere mnemonic jottings. His peculiar situation, that of a gentleman without fortune, depending for his living on making himself agreeable to others, brought him into contact with a great diversity of men. The means by which he made himself agreeable was no doubt an oral counterpart of his brief biographies, the gossip of an observant, inquisitive and credulous man with a sense of what was interesting in personalities. No doubt he was a good listener, as his friendships as well as his writings indicate. He has been compared to Diogenes Laertius, but the difference

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between the two is obvious at the briefest comparison. Diogenes Laertius is the malicious gossip; Aubrey, for want of another term, we can call the gossip proper. By Laertius a long oblique nose would be noticed with gleeful deprecation; by Aubrey it would be noticed because he relished all peculiarities. Laertius retailing gossip about a great man enjoying a beautiful mistress is envious and sour; Aubrey's mouth waters. He is envious, but he admires.

Mr. Collier's is the second edition in print. The first, a scholarly compilation, included all the material down to the stenographic notes, but mutilated it by expurgations. Mr. Collier has extracted the readable part of the material and has left it in its native, though sometimes scabrous state.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Wanted: A Party Strategy

As I See It, by Norman Thomas. New York: The Macmillan Company. 173 pages. $2.

"IT" IS ONE thing to a philosopher, another to a flapper. The "it" in the title of Norman Thomas's last book is something else again: our tottering capitalist system and the Socialist method of doing away with it. The book was published before Mr. Thomas had become for the second time a candidate for the presidency of the United States, but he was already the most prominent and attractive Socialist spokesman in the country—sincere, intelligent and able to put his case forcefully and persuasively. There is a considerable public interested in his manner of seeing; and the opportunity for the exercise of "the highest function of citizenship" which will be afforded on November 8 will doubtless disclose that this public is larger than ever before. Its size, however, will hardly persuade either of the two major parties to proceed rapidly with measures of socialization. After the election this public will be uninfluential and even inarticulate. The reasons?

They are not to be looked for in Mr. Thomas's "programs of unemployment amelioration, of decent housing, of agricultural aid and proper taxation of incomes and inheritances . . . plans for socializing power and other public utilities and natural resources, not as isolated panaceas but as steps in a comprehensive plan of socialism" which is "the vision of the classless society . . . from which poverty and war are forever banished." That body of doctrine commands a great deal more support than is disclosed by the vote which Socialist presidential candidates receive. Mr. Thomas incompletely explains "the comparative failure of the Socialist party in America" when he ascribes it to the "iteration of dogmas in terms that were not self-explanatory and which antagonized farmers, intellectuals and the majority of wage workers who would have been with us if they had understood." The difficulty is deeper than that. It goes to the American form of government and the failure of Socialist strategy to take that form into account.

Does the Socialist party really hope some day to elect a President or is it content to advance a program, engage in exhortation, and then see the milder portions of the program emasculated and translated to the statute book by action of non-Socialist parties? If the Socialist party wishes to control the government, the Socialist party must realize that its entries in the quadrennial race for the major prize of the presidency will always be long shots until the Socialist stable colors have been carried to victory in minor races. The Socialist party can get power only by building on and extending local successes. That is the plain lesson of the rise of the British Labor party. To be sure, under a parliamentary form of government a small contingent of third-partyites in the legislature can wield far greater influence than is possible in Congress, but if national success is desired, the strategy must be pretty much the same. The point has been made before (see my remarks after the La Follette campaign in The New Republic of October 7, 1925, and Mr. Herbert Croly's rejoinder in the same issue), but the Socialists continue to ignore it.

Mr. Thomas has frankly described himself as a "chronic office seeker" and has said that he has "run for something every year with a beautiful impartiality. It has made no difference to me whether the office was alderman or President." Well, should it not make a difference? Should not the party's resources be concentrated on those areas which seem reasonably promising, whether because of strong trade unions, agrarian discontent or factional differences within the old parties? Does not "beautiful impartiality" in running for office mean certain futility? The British Labor party thought so. Should not one of the antecedents of Mr. Thomas's "it" be party strategy?

LINDSAY ROGERS.

Reporting Russia

Machines and Men in Russia, by Louis Fischer, with photographs by Margaret Bourke-White. New York: Harrison Smith. 289 pages. $2.50.

The Land without Unemployment, edited by Ernest Glaeser and F. G. Weiskopf, with a postscript by Alfred Kurella. New York: International Publishers. 211 pages. $2.50.

UNLIKE Mr. Fischer's work on the foreign policy of the Soviet Union, his new book is not a systematic study, but rather a collection of leaves from a journalist's scrap book, consisting largely of the papers he has contributed from time to time to various periodicals.

The first section, called for no obvious reason "Machines," opens appropriately with an account of the author's first impressions of the Soviet scene, revisited after a lapse of months. Here, as indeed throughout the book, he echoes the burden of the Russian song: "We are building. You are stagnating." As he proceeds, he deals more concretely with the constructive activities that are going on in the Union, showing the reader over the Dnieperstroy, the biggest dam in the world, and through the Kharkov tractor factory, in one chapter, and retailing the accomplishments of the Five Year Plan in others. But why, he asks, this mad speed, this haste to industrialize the country? His answer is that the people demand a higher standard of living, and the government recognizes that only by giving them more of the good things of life than the rival system offers can it hold their loyalty. From his own observations Mr. Fischer concludes that the people will not tolerate the government's passing dividends over too long a period. But this is a contingency he does not expect, believing as he does in the superiority of Soviet economy over a regime which, in the nature of things, cannot plan, and "faces the future blindfolded." The section is filled out with a discussion of the Manchurian situation as it affects Russia, a chapter in which he nails some newspaper canards about the Soviet Union, and a list of popular fallacies concerning the same debatable ground, not all of which can be dismissed as readily as Mr. Fischer implies.

Bolshevik *Kulturträgerei,* daily life under the hammer

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and sickle, the treatment of minor nationalities, the way in which the Five Year Plan is solving the Jewish question, the position of the intellectuals—such are some of the subjects which he treats in an informal yet informed manner in the second half of the book, headed "Men." He says that the real wages of labor are on the increase, and indeed that in every field one may see the marks of progress. He admits, however, that culturally Russia is going through a leveling process in which quality is inevitably sacrificed to quantity. This is particularly exemplified in the field of literature, where the effort is made to hitch Pegasus to the Communist wagon. The three chapters on Soviet letters should be of especial interest here at a time when the artist's social responsibility is becoming a live issue. The book concludes with a brief sketch glorifying Stalin.

Mr. Fischer, like other readers of signs and portents, foresees a lengthy period during which there will be a give-and-take between the two rival systems of capitalism and communism. "Throughout this period the truth about Soviet conditions," he justly says, "should be instructive and important." The author of this book is an intelligent observer, an able writer and in other ways unusually well equipped to report on the Soviet scene, yet he is a long way from giving the whole truth about it; perhaps it is impossible for him to do so. Finding as he does in Russia today the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, he makes light of the suffering that the revolution entails, the blunders and crimes committed in its name, and the oppressive dogmatism which rides it.

"The Land without Unemployment" forms a kind of pictorial supplement to Mr. Fischer's volume. The book is a collection of photographs, many of them from the files of a Moscow illustrated weekly. They are technically not so good as those taken by Miss Bourke-White, but they are perhaps more informative. The "Postscript" is a simplified, roseate account of the Five Year Plan.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY.

What Jews Can Do About It

Jews on Approval, by Maurice Samuel. New York: Liveright, Inc. 256 pages. $2.50.

THE AMERICAN Jew is obsessed by the problem of getting himself liked. Since contempt and despite for the Jew is part of the folklore of the West, the American of Jewish blood usually reacts by trying to be "nice," that is, by trying "to order his life with reference to the tastes of others," by replacing "the will to create by the will to please." As a result he cannot and does not face the real problems of existence—"nor will he do so until he shakes off his panic," however justifiable his panic may be. "And it may help him to come to his senses if he realizes that he risks nothing by telling the truth. Anti-Semitism is not concerned with what the Jew thinks or feels."

Mr. Samuel, from whose opening paragraphs we have been quoting, goes on to tell the truth. He exposes the causes of the Jewish love of praise and self-praise. He points out why books about Jews are superficial. He deplores the deterioration of the rabbi, formerly a sage, now approaching the status of priest, of go-getting medicine man. He describes how the Jewish religion, which has been distinguished since early time by its exaltation of mind and knowledge, is fostering superstition today, under the guise of reform.

Charity has been the dominant theme of Jewish public life for many centuries. The consequence of its undue importance is that "to have" becomes a virtue of a special kind. To criticize a moneyed man for anything is treason, since it may deprive a Russian Jewish family of bread. Leadership in Jewish affairs tends therefore to be the prerogative of the rich Jew and the Jew whose prestige is based on a non-Jewish reputation.

One must pay homage to Mr. Samuel's destructive analysis. He demonstrates the need of honest criticism and forthwith provides it. In order to Americanize themselves, the Jews have discarded their own culture, with its values and defects, and have copied that of the land in which they are living. Unfortunately, most of them are able to assimilate only the gestures and paltry ideals. The underlying motivation, since it is largely unconscious, naturally escapes them. Consequently they find themselves empty and, in extreme cases, take out their discomfort in loathing their fellow Jews.

Mr. Samuel blames economic rivalry for the persistence of hatred against Jews. The conversion of the medieval religious dislike into modern capitalistic anti-Semitism occurred when the Gentiles went into trade. Now that the small trader is being crushed by the pressure of chain store, department store and distributing manufacturer, the lesser scope left to the merchant class is the prize of a fierce struggle. Thus, anti-Semitism cannot possibly be overcome by conforming to outer or even inner canons.

The answer, in Mr. Samuel's opinion, is a resubmergence in the Jewish intellectual tradition. He admits that this tradition is not pertinent to modern life, and that submergence in it is, in a sense, a denial, a closing of the eyes. But the ancient culture is expected to fill the emptiness left by its relegation and to shield the possessor from the spiritual losses caused by conscious imitation of alien customs. Is this the only way out?

The situation, even to those who accept Mr. Samuel's analysis, does not seem so utterly desperate that the Jew must delve into his racial memory in order to find a cause worthy of his ardor. There are other causes more closely connected with the world in which he lives. It would seem that the Jew might better accept his ancient task, that of trying to create a just society, rather than concentrate upon his ancient culture, which, despite its wisdom, its former utility and its perpetual fascination, is outside the scope of contemporary life.

HAROLD LOEB.

Book Notes

BELLES-LETTRES

BROWNING: Background and Conflict, by F. R. G. Duckworth. *Introduction by William Lyon Phelps. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 217 pages. $3.*

Here is a book about Browning that is neither biography nor criticism, but a curious mixture of both—a serious attempt to re-establish the poet and the man as vital figures. Browning is approached and partially revealed through the critical commentaries of his contemporaries and by the more recent psycho-critical method employed by I. A. Richards. Mr. Duckworth's plan is interesting enough and leads to his presenting a large body of information, yet it falls short of effecting a thorough revaluation of his subject. Browning is disclosed as a split personality, a healthy, fat bourgeois who was also a frustrated, unhappy mystic. Without a fully documented record of the poet's life, the theory cannot be accepted as conclusive. At crucial points in his argument, Mr. Duckworth weakens his case by reciting generalities; but his book might well serve as the first gesture toward a complete revaluation of Browning.

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ON BEING CREATIVE, and Other Essays, by Irving Babbitt. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 305 pages. $2.50.*

Professor Babbitt, who teaches at Harvard and is the author of several books on literary and moral problems, has collected in this volume various essays which have appeared in The Bookman, in The Forum and elsewhere. The essay from which the book draws its title is a defense of criticism. Other papers deal with Wordsworth, Johnson, Coleridge, Schiller and Benda. The essay called "The Critic and American Life" discusses several contemporary writers, among them H. L. Mencken; Professor Babbitt disagrees with the thirteenth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, which, he says, calls Mr. Mencken "the greatest critical force in America." Another writer of whom Professor Babbitt does not approve is Rousseau, to whom there are several references in the book. Most of the essays are quite dull. There is an index of names.

Medicine

MAN AND MEDICINE: An Introduction to Medical Knowledge, by Dr. Henry E. Sigerist. *Translated by Margaret Galt Boise. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 340 pages. $4.*

This is a history of medicine which shows the healing art in its many relations to human culture, and does so with charm and scholarship. Dr. Sigerist, of the University of Leipzig, wished to provide a guidebook for young students entering the career of medicine: he has succeeded in doing much more. From a terrifying mass of material he has selected a compact body of facts which portray medicine as a growing, vital element of civilization. Primitive "empirics," medieval and Renaissance speculations, the rise and growth of experimental medicine; the achievements of Pasteur, Lister and the clinical and psychopathological pioneers; discussions of medical technique, diagnosis, theory and therapy; symptoms; diseases, their structure, cause, forms and terminology; epidemics; infection and immunization; X-ray, surgery and psychiatry (Sigmund Freud is respectfully mentioned) —all these and many other things are competently discussed in Dr. Sigerist's admirable survey of his science. It is a pity that illustrations have not been included.

Miscellaneous

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! compiled from the records of the United States Patent Office by A. E. Brown and H. A. Jeffcott, Jr. *New York: The Viking Press. 125 pages, illustrated. $1.*

Here are some American inventors who didn't make good—though the things they patented are not really very much sillier than a good many that have actually been put over. In 1862, for example, somebody proposed to fill an outstanding need of the time by putting on the market a plough which could be used at a moment's notice as a gun; and in 1886 somebody designed a balloon to be propelled by vultures or eagles, which were to be harnessed in such a way that they could be turned by a steering wheel in any direction. In 1918 somebody planned a tremendous tractor which was to irrigate the sterile land of the West by shooting projectiles made of ice into the ground just underneath the plants; the projectiles were produced by a refrigerating process right inside the tractor. Some of the most amusing inventions aim at exterminating vermin. They deal with the problem in a strange spirit of mildness which strongly recalls Ed Wynn's mouse-trap that flabbergasted and discouraged the mice rather than killed them. One of these devices employs rather a complicated mechanism to spring a bell around the neck of the mouse just as it is reaching for the cheese: it will then run away and frighten the other mice, "causing them to flee" and "thus practically exterminating them in a sure and economical manner." Another gives bedbugs electric shocks as they are crawling up the legs of beds, the idea being that the bug will "more than likely change its mind and return in the direction whence it came." An extremely diverting book.

Fiction

FARAWAY, by J. B. Priestley. *New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.75.*

Mr. Priestley's wide audience is adequately explained by this novel. It is a modern romance, intelligently written and fast moving in spite of its great length, revolving round the search for an island in the Pacific. There are those mild and sometimes droll Englishmen who have had such an important part in English fiction since Dickens, and who are never quite fitted for the adventures the author selects for them. There are mischievous but not unkind comments about both American and English life. There is a faithless movie actress who is nevertheless sentimental at heart, and a crusty sea-dog who means well. Mr. Priestley seems to be going the way of popular novelists: the disproportion between the world of his fiction and the world outside it grows increasingly apparent.

STORM, by Peter Neagoé. *Paris: New Review Publications. 14 francs.*

"Storm" has been refused admittance to—of all places—Chicago, on the ground that the ten simple and innocent stories in the volume violate the obscenity clause of the Hawley-Smoot tariff act of 1930. The peasant characters in "Storm," the title story, and "The Village Saint" are earthy creatures; their broad, generous movements have a warmth and color that is possible only because of the fresh perceptions and the fresh sentences of the author. "Kaleidoscope" is a precious fragment, scarcely "telluric" in its quality, although Eugene Jolas makes such a claim for it in his introduction. "A Fact" and "It Dawned" are experimental arrangements of more or less ordinary material and seem not to belong in the same volume with the sweaty sharpness of "A Segment of a Whole" or the clarity and acuteness of "The Shepherd of the Lord." "Storm" is not a wholly distinguished collection, but parts of it display power and uniqueness. The volume's honesty and simplicity could appear obscene only to a customs collector for the virtuous city of Bill Thompson, Bugs Moran and the recent political conventions.

Contributors

Ludwig Lore, who for fifteen years was editor-in-chief of Die New Yorker Volkszeitung, is a well known German-American journalist living in New York City.

Guy Irving Burch is director of the Population Reference Bureau of New York City and a member of the board of directors of the American Eugenics Society.

T. R. Carskadon is a native West Virginian who has done journalistic, radio and advertising work in San Francisco and in New York, where he now lives. His article in the present issue was written after a trip to his home town.

Harold J. Laski, the author of several books on political and social subjects, the most recent being "The Foundations of Sovereignty and Other Essays," is a member of the faculty of the London School of Economics and Political Science. In collaboration with A. E. Zimmern he has written "Problems of Peace," which will be issued this month by the Oxford Press.

Mabel Seymour, who lives in Washington, D. C., is a specialist in the political and diplomatic background of eighteenth-century literature and held a Sterling Fellowship from Yale University for study abroad in that field. She has contributed to The London Mercury, The Bookman and to journals of research.

Isidor Schneider, poet, novelist and critic, is at present at work completing his second novel.

Lindsay Rogers, who has been Burgess Professor of Public Law at Columbia University since 1929, is a frequent contributor to journals of political science.

Avrahm Yarmolinsky, in collaboration with his wife, Babette Deutsch, has edited and translated three collections of foreign verse, "Modern Russian Poetry," "Contemporary German Poetry" and "Russian Poetry." He has also translated "The Twelve," an epic of the Russian revolution by Alexander Blok.

Harold Loeb, the author of three novels, the latest being "Tumbling Mustard," is an authority on Zionism in its political and international aspects.

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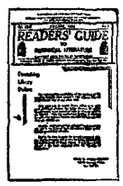

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